

A
JUNIOR
CONGRE

JAMES M. FA



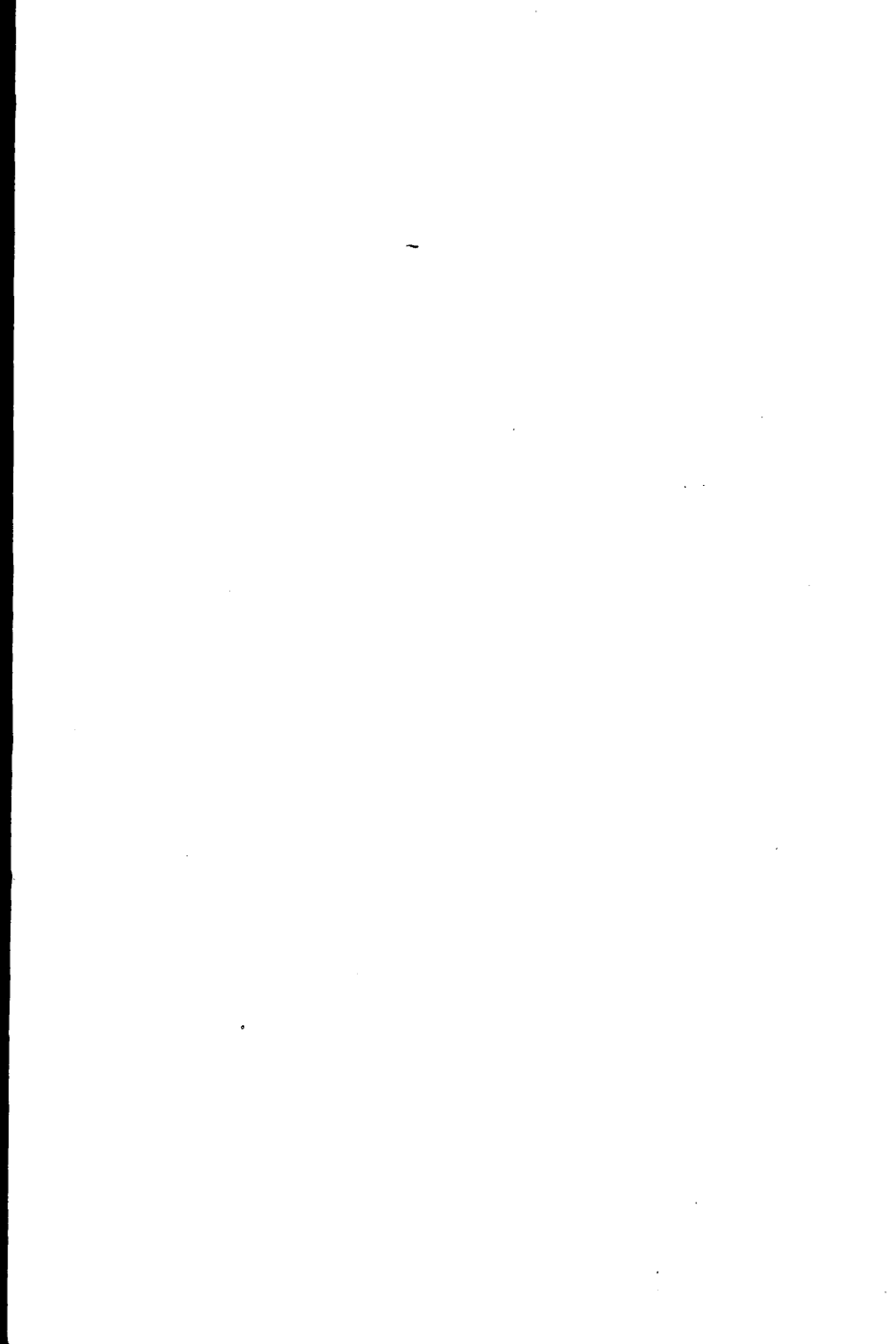
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A JUNIOR CONGREGATION

1884-1908

BY

JAMES M. FARRAR, D.D.

Pastor of the First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Minister
of the First Organized Junior Congregation



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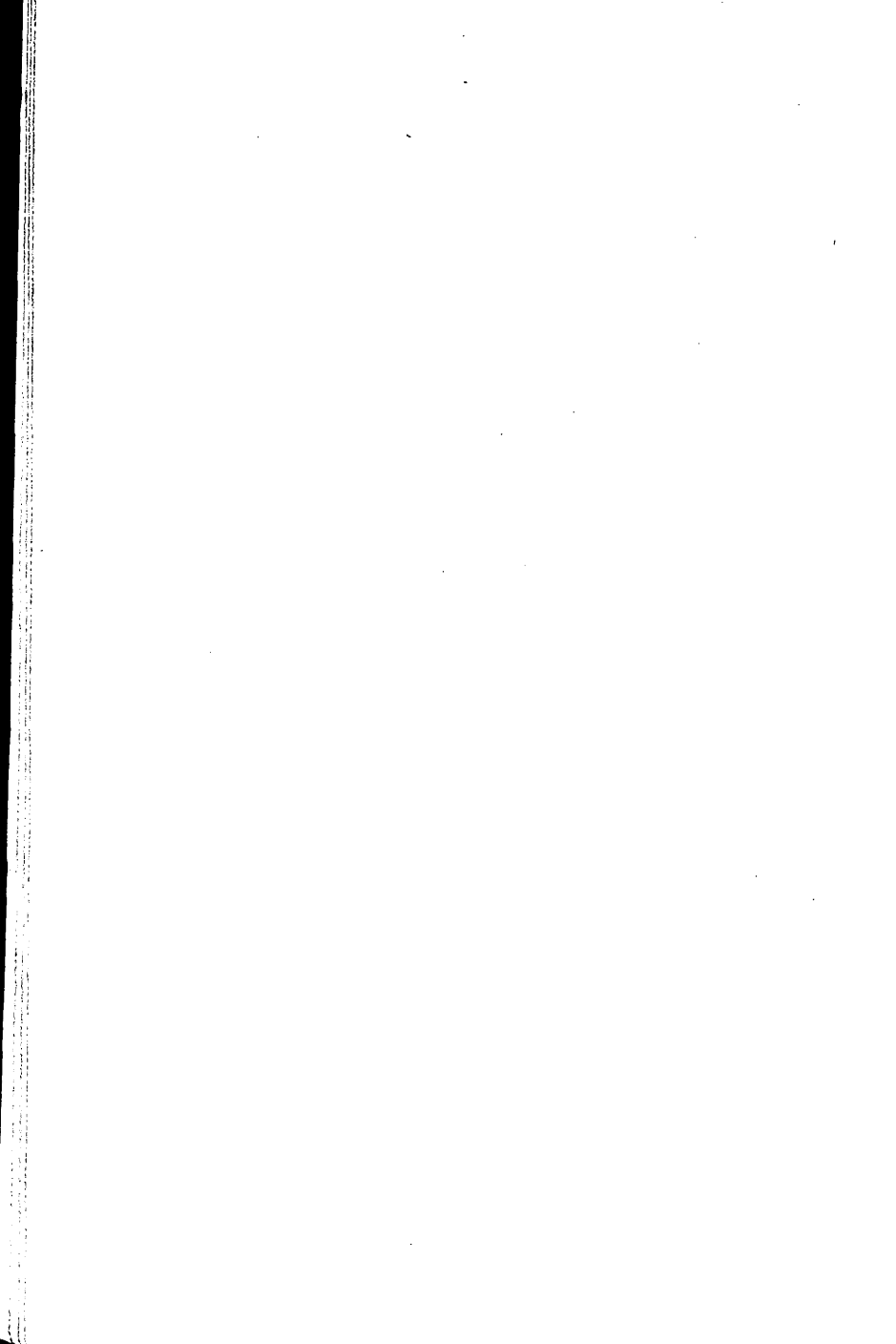
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A JUNIOR CONGREGATION

GENERAL PURPOSES AND METHODS

THIS is the children's age. More time, more thought and more energy are in this generation given to the study, development and discipline of children than has been even attempted systematically in any past century. The seed thoughts on this subject scattered by Christ upon the soil of the first century are coming to blossom and fruitage now in the twentieth. Emerson quotes an old gentleman as saying that all his life had been spent in a most unlucky time of transitions: when he was a boy the greatest respect was paid to old age, and now that he was old the greatest respect was paid to children!

In our churches this respect paid to children has been peculiarly focused upon the Sunday-school. "Sunday-school children" is the familiar and final

expression; explanation is uncalled for, comment is unnecessary. On the other hand, the phrase "*Church* children" is an unfamiliar expression, and explanation and comment are called for and necessary. In our modern society children of professing Christians seldom go to church during their best habit-forming years, while conversely Christian parents frequently neglect the Sunday-school during their best service-giving years. In this manner, parents and children of Christian homes are serving God along separated, parallel lines, which, as we know, never meet. The Sunday-school line is the shorter line, but it has no regular terminus at the church door. On this short line walk thousands of children who do not have so much as a birthright in the church. It is possible for these children to pass on along this line quite at one side of the church, and so out into the world, without any practical knowledge of the church service, sermon and sacraments. If any of these children are brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, during their Sunday-school years, they must experience, as it were, a second conversion; that is, a conversion into the love, service and habit of the church. This conversion is difficult and sometimes neglected,

so that "Sunday-school children" rather than "church children" still represents the ideal with which the age contents itself.

The Sunday-school is no doubt diligently doing an increasing work for Christ. Its office is indicated by its results, and any depreciation of it would be disloyal to Christianity. But the further idea we desire to present is that our love and responsibility for children are not met by making "Sunday-school children" a synonym for "church children." "A church is a society of persons professing faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Savior of men, and organized in allegiance to Him for Christian work and worship, including the administration of the sacraments which He has appointed." Under this definition we certainly could not designate the Sunday-school as in any adequate sense the children's church.

Now how can we get the Sunday-school into the church? What becomes of our young people when they leave the Sunday-school? These are questions familiar to every pastor, officer, and church-worker; questions frequently asked, seldom answered. Our belief, upheld by experience, is in a word this, that a *Junior Congregation* is the answer for which so

many pastors have been listening. A junior congregation takes the children directly from the home into the church service. It graduates them from the junior into the senior congregation.

An invitation extended through the parents, together with a personal solicitation in the home and Sunday-school, will assemble a congregation for organization. The meeting should be held during the week. An entertainment and refreshments appeal to the juniors as they do to the seniors. A roll of members is carefully made, including addresses, age, and birthday. A birthday letter from the pastor is a strand in the cord that is not easily broken. Each member is given a package of contribution envelopes. The purpose of the organization is explained and the children are made to realize that they are as much a part of the church as they are a part of their home.

The organization should be the counterpart of the senior organization. As one object of a junior congregation is to train the children in church work, each denomination will naturally organize along the line of its own polity.

In their annual meeting, they hear reports of their work, the amount of their contributions and

the objects for which the money has been expended. The contributions are divided by vote, one half to their home church and the other half to missions. Bibles are presented to those who keep a list of texts and outlines of sermons. In this meeting, also, the children elect their own officers for the ensuing year. In the particular junior congregation which the writer has the honor to serve, the officers were at first chosen from the consistory of the church, but they are now selected from a large number of young men who have passed, by a profession of faith, from the junior to the senior congregation. The result of this method, pursued during a series of years, is that when the children become members of the senior congregation they are already trained workers, familiar with church methods and laws, and are in intelligent sympathy with the objects of their church organization. They have formed the church habit, and can be depended upon for church worship and work. It is pleasant to anticipate the influence of a junior congregation so developed upon the next generation of church workers.

The children are invited to the morning church service, and during the most important part of the service, namely, all that precedes the sermon, the

children and adults worship as one congregation. In many instances the children sit with their parents in the family pew. In the parable of the loaves and fishes, Mark says that Christ told his disciples to seat the multitudes as "flower-beds." Buds develop better when sheltered by the flowers. Chairs from the Sunday-school room are placed in front of the pulpit, and the majority of the children prefer these front seats, close to the pastor. It is the hope that when these small people become men and women the "front seats" in church and prayer-meeting will be occupied. After the general service of praise and worship and just before the "sermon," is introduced the special brief sermon for the junior congregation.

When the minister speaks to the juniors, he should forget, as completely as possible, the presence of the seniors. For six or seven minutes the children have the right of way and the right of the minister. He should not preach "at" the children, but portray a great principle before them. The sermon should unfold *one* glad, noble, Christ-centered truth, and be itself unfolded, as an aid to memory, in a pertinent story or anecdote. The attempt should be to clarify rather than to "simplify" the sermon.

In a junior congregation every step taken toward

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church worship and work is to be considered and treated as one of privilege, never one of necessity. Thus, before the senior sermon the children have, if desired, the privilege to retire. When they reach their teens, the *privilege* is granted of remaining for the full service. The privilege of becoming a member of the senior organization is their next outlook. The links uniting the children and the church are thus forged from the iron in the warm blood and welded on the anvil of the warm heart. The children hear the call of the church; they lovingly and cheerfully obey.

One objection to a junior congregation is, "there is no room in our church for the children." A pertinent query is, are church architects old bachelors? In their plan of a church there is naturally no place for children. In the children's departments of our public libraries there are training-schools for children, and neither a librarian nor an architect would dream of putting up a new building without making provision for children in it. There are tombs but no cradles in Westminster Abbey. If a church is to be a mausoleum, you may leave the cradles out, not otherwise. This "no-room" difficulty confronted the parents of our children's best friend. The cold

"no-room in the inn" was possibly occasioned by the fear of an additional guest, a little child.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, once rector of St. George's Church in New York City, said: "When the choice has to be made between one child and two older persons, as a hearer or as a person to be cared for, I never hesitate to choose the child." Cotton Mather has asked: "Hath the Lord set up churches that a few old Christians may keep one another warm while they live and then carry away the church with them when they die? Never! but that they might with all care nurse still successively another generation of subjects to our Lord that these may stand up in His kingdom when they have done."

Another difficulty often acknowledged by clergymen is to this effect: "I can not preach to children." There are some ministers who can not preach to adults, but they slowly improve with practise, and during their apprenticeship they are encouraged by many conversions and consecrations. It is easier to learn to preach to children, if the same time, work, and heart are put into their sermon, than it is to learn to preach to adults. Any clergyman can preach to children, but no clergyman can ever feel that he is in the complete sense a successful preacher

to children! The writer has never detected success in his sermons to children, but he has discovered good sermons in the children's success. The seed seems to be lost in the furrow, but its fruitage is found in the harvest.

The necessity for this work should overrule all objections. The editor of the *Sunday-School Times* writes: "Few subjects are of more vital importance in the preaching work of the ministry, and at the same time more neglected, than that of the preacher's relation to the children of his congregation. When a man's best thinking is put into such form that children will understand it and be interested, he has the whole world at his feet. And when he forgets the children and preaches for the grown-up world only he often misses both. A familiar illustration of this is found in the children's stories; as, for instance, Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book.' A prominent reviewer said of those jungle stories, they were Kipling's best bid for immortality. The jungle stories were preeminently children's stories, but they were not second-class matter, trite and commonplace, drest up and palmed off because 'anything is good enough for children.'"

It is quite probable that some kind friend who

may read these following pages will be surprized at the extreme simplicity as well as brevity of the "sermons." Such a friend will, however, upon second thought remember first that the sermons are reproduced word for word, exactly as prepared and spoken, and intended for immediate effect upon the children addrest, and secondly that they would surely have failed in the purpose had they not been thus simple and brief, and endeavoring to conform not to any homiletical model, but to the law of the child mind in its natural action.

The author's aim has been not at all to produce a book of "children's sermons," but to illustrate the practical working of his plan by simply taking, with all its defects and limitations, his own actual current work for the year.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN JANUARY

JESUS THE DOOR

"I am the door."—John x., 9

TO-MORROW you boys and girls return to school for a new month's and a new year's work. Your teacher may ask why this first month of the year is named January. To find the answer you must go back to an old Roman temple. The people were trying to worship God, but not having the Bible they knew not whom to worship. They thought there were a number of gods, and one named Janus was supposed to be the doorkeeper of heaven. They believed that he opened the door of sunrise and closed the door of sunset and, therefore, pictured him as having two heads, one facing the east and the other the west. In his right hand he held a scepter of power and in his left hand a key. The first month being the doorway of the year, they named it January in honor of their god Janus, the doorkeeper.

The Bible tells us whom to worship as the true

God, and that the name of the great doorkeeper is not Janus, but Jesus. For your school locker you do not carry a key in your pocket, you carry a combination in your head. Jesus has given us the combination for the door lock. It is 1, 2, 3, 4. These figures stand for a sentence which will enable you to remember the combination. The first word of this sentence has one letter, the second two, the third three, and the fourth four: I¹ am² the³ door⁴. Jesus is, therefore, more than the doorkeeper, He is the door. "I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." There are two doors at the opening of the new year—one leads to joy, the other to sorrow; one to life, the other to death. Here is a message which Christ left for you. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Adopt this as your New Year's resolution: I will enter by the narrow gate into life, for the wide gate leads to destruction. You can always know the right door and doorkeeper by remembering the combination; 1, 2, 3, 4, "I-am-the-door." The Christian In-

dians speak of the "Jesus road," and that is what our text means.

In England, centuries ago, the punishment of criminals was very cruel. The "right of sanctuary"—that is, freedom from the law—was granted to a criminal if he fled to a church and gained admission. A curious relic of this old custom exists to-day in a knocker on the door of Durham Cathedral. The criminal when pursued by the law would run to the cathedral and, rushing to the door, would pound with the knocker until some one would answer. Then the priest would come to the door and would look at the fugitive through the eyes of the copper mask above the knocker. If the priest decided to open the door and to take him into the cathedral, the law could not touch him, for he had the "right of sanctuary."

You boys and girls can imagine how a criminal would run, "all out of breath," to this cathedral and knock and plead until the door was opened. How happy he would be when, safely inside, he saw the door closed and locked. Christ says, "I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved." This means that you shall be saved from your wrongdoings, from all your sins and from the sorrow that sin brings to sinners. He can look into your heart,

and if He sees that you are sorry for sin and want to be saved from sin the door will open and you will have the "right of sanctuary." Remember the combination, 1, 2, 3, 4, and you can always find the door.

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN JANUARY

PASSING OVER THE DOOR

"The Lord will pass over the door."—*Ex. xii.*, 23.

THE eye is a kodak with which you take hundreds of pictures and then hang them on the walls of your memory. Many beautiful and valuable pictures are in your mind, but are undeveloped, and therefore of no value. For example, every Sunday you see the door back of this pulpit; have you seen the cross in this door? In your room door and school door, in almost every door there is a cross. Each time you open a door you enter by way of the cross. The history of the cross in the door goes back to the crusades. Ask your parents to get for you the story of the crusades, especially of the children's crusade. It was an expedition, a long journey, by the Christians of Europe, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. The Christians carried the cross, wove the cross into their clothes, built the cross into their homes. To-day we continue to build the cross into the door as paneling, but have forgotten

the history. The builders do not know they are putting the cross in the door. How the cross was first thrown across a door you will learn from the book of Exodus. There was an awful night in Egypt, for a child was to die in every home. That night was called the Passover. All who were willing to take the Lord as their doorkeeper were to sprinkle the blood of a lamb on the lintel and two side-posts of their door.

I want the members of my junior congregation to read and commit to memory Exodus xii., 23. "For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side-posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you." In this verse we are told that two persons went through the land that Passover night, one was the Lord, and the other one was the destroyer. The death messenger would have entered through the blood-marked door and would have slain the child, but the Lord was there first and would not let him. The Lord passed over the door; that is, He passed over against the door or, as we would say He stood in the door. No death in any home where the Lord was doorkeeper! The blood did not save the home, but the Lord saved those who obeyed Him

by sprinkling the blood. The Lord of the Old Testament is the Christ of the New Testament. We do not know what form the Lord had when He passed through the land, but we like to think of Him as having a body such as He had when He came to earth to live and suffer with us.

The Passover was at the time of the full moon. As the Lord stood before the door with outstretched arms, His shadow would fall upon the door in the form of a cross.

"An artist has painted a picture of the child Jesus learning to walk. Holding out his arms to balance his tiny body, he makes a shadow of a cross which falls at his feet."

The blood and the cross on the door, and the Lord the doorkeeper. The blood was an evidence that a life had been given for them. When we speak of the blood of Christ we mean that He died for us; died in order that we might live.

There is a legend "that on the night of the Exodus a young Jewish maiden, the first-born of the family, was so troubled on her sick bed that she could not sleep. 'Father,' she anxiously inquired, 'are you sure that the blood is there?' He replied that he had ordered it to be sprinkled on the lintel. The rest-

less girl would not be satisfied until her father had taken her up and carried her to the door to see for herself; and lo! the blood was not there! The order had been neglected, but the father made haste to put on his door the sacred token of protection."

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN JANUARY

THE PRAYER-DOOR

"When thou hast shut thy door."—*Matt.* vi., 6

IN Grecian history you will find an interesting story about the "Ear of Dionysius." This cruel monarch had a tunnel, or subway, built from his palace to the jail. It was constructed as an exact model of a gigantic human ear, 250 feet long by 80 feet high, and so exactly copied from the human ear that it was the finest "whispering gallery" in the world. In a cave near to this ear was the jail. Dionysius passed whole days listening to those who cursed him and laid plots against him. Then, to satisfy his cruelty, these men were brought before him and slain. We are told that the tyrant put to death the architect of the "ear" and the slaves who excavated it in order that its purpose might never be known. Our text says: Enter into thine inner room, and having shut the door, pray unto thy Father, who is in secret. Back of the door in which you see the cross is your "whispering gallery." Christ

the doorkeeper hears your thoughts, and asks His Father to answer your prayer. Dionysius had his ear tuned to hate, God's ear is tuned to love. He hears all of your good thoughts and words. "For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open to their prayers." It has been said, whether by poetry or science matters not, that there is a certain point in the upper air in which all the discordant sounds of the earth—the rattle of wheels, the chime of bells, the roll of the drum, the laugh of the child—meet and blend in perfect harmony. Surely it is more than a pleasant conceit that, when once lifted up in fellowship in Christ Jesus, we meet in a high and heavenly place where all things are "gathered together in one." God hears those who try to pray even tho they do not know how to pray.

There is a sweet story told of "a slave who lived in close communion with God. Some days, when his trials seemed heavier than usual, his prayers were unusually earnest and tender. On one occasion he was heard to pray: 'Massa, yo bettah tak caah ob yo propputy; he is in gra-a-te dangah ob fallin' away.'"

"A little boy was keeping his sheep one Sabbath morning. The bells were ringing for church, and

the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman happened to be passing on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, 'A, B, C.'

"What are you doing, my little man?"

"The lad looked up. 'Please, sir, I was praying.'

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me to take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want.'

"Bless your heart, my little man! He will, He will, He will! When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong.'"

God is listening to children, and He has as much sympathy with you in your troubles as He has with your father and mother in their troubles.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN JANUARY

THE DOOR OF THE HEART

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—*Rev. iii., 20.*

WHEN you study English history you will learn some interesting facts about Canterbury Cathedral. Many years ago the archbishop of this cathedral lived in a small palace that is now a farmhouse. The farmer sent for a carpenter to do some odd jobs about the house, and among other things to mend the door-knocker. The man took it off, and said, after closely examining it, "Do you know what this knocker is made of?" "Why, brass, I suppose." "No, it is pure gold."

Your body, the body of every boy and girl, is God's cathedral. Read what Paul wrote: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" By baptism you are dedicated as a temple of God. God created you and in your body, or temple, He should be worshiped, but He never comes into your temple without knocking. The knocker is your heart and your will is

the doorkeeper. When Jesus knocks on your heart, and you receive Him, then the knocker, your heart, becomes more precious than gold. But if you refuse to let Him in, your heart is worse than brass. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Paul also wrote: "If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Satan does not have a temple of his own, but he tries to steal the temple of your body in order to use it. Every time we sin a door is opened to let him in. Satan never knocks, for then we would see him and keep him out, but he has a plan for getting in at each door. The story of the wooden horse will illustrate how Satan gets into our temple. The Greeks under Agamemnon besieged Troy without success for ten years. At last they contrived a wooden horse, in whose hollow belly many of the Greek heroes hid themselves. The Trojans believing it a gift from their god tore down the city wall and brought in the wooden horse. In the night the Greeks stole out, opened the gates for their army and Troy was taken.

Satan hides in bad books and slips into your heart

when you read them. He can hide in a glass of wine and get into the temple through the mouth-gate.

We read that Jesus dwelt in the world. The word "dwelt" means "lived in a tent." There is a story of a general who carried with him a tent bound up in a nutshell. When he came to the camping-place he had the tent removed from the shell and pitched. The soldiers complained that he would have shelter, while they would have no protection. But the tent was stretched out, and first it gave shelter to the officers and then to all the soldiers so that none was left without protection.

Christ's love is the tent in which we can all find shelter. There is always room for every one who comes to Him. But when He knocks on our doors we do not all let Him into our temple as willingly as He takes us into His tent.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY

THE WOLF AND OUR PROTECTOR

"I send you forth as lambs among wolves."—*Luke x., 3*

FEBRUARY is the wolf month. The Romans, who gave the month its name, believed that there was a god who protected their flocks from the wolves. They called the god Lupercus—the first part of his name meaning "wolf," and the second part "to draw off"—the god who kept away the wolves. As a wolf was the enemy of the sheep, the Romans came to think of the evil one as a wolf coming to destroy them. Lupercus came, therefore, to be not only the protector of the flocks but of the people. In the second month of the year the Romans held a great festival in honor of Lupercus, and this festival was called the feast of purification. Their belief was that if they were pure, this god would protect them from evil.

The Roman word for purification was *februarius*, and so you can see how it happened that the Romans came to call the second month of the year February.

We have the Bible, and from it learn that the protector from all evil is not Lupercus, but the Lord, who came to this world as our Savior. He makes you pure and protects you as the lambs of His flock.

Of course all you boys and girls remember the story of Little Red Riding-Hood. She was a very sweet little girl, and she got her name from a red hood which she wore. One day her mother gave her some cheese-cakes and a little pot of butter in a basket and sent her to visit her grandmother.

As she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road, she met a large wolf, which had a great mind to eat her up, but dared not, for fear of some wood-cutters, who were at work near them in the forest. Yet he spoke to her, and asked her whither she was going. The little girl, who did not know the danger of talking to a wolf, replied: "I am going to see my grand-mamma, and carry these cakes and a pot of butter."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf.

"Oh, yes!" answered Little Red Riding-Hood; "beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house you see in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I will take this way, and you take that, and see which will be there the sooner."

The wolf was swift, crafty and cruel—much

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swifter than the little girl—and he reached the grandmother's home first. He knocked on the door and the grandmother cried:

“Who's there?”

“Little Red Riding-Hood, your little granddaughter,” replied the wolf, imitating the little girl's voice, and showing how crafty he was.

“Pull the bobbin and the latch will lift up,” replied the grandmother, never suspecting it was the wolf who wished to enter.

The wolf obeyed and walked into the door. He was hungry, and showed how cruel he was by eating the dear old lady. He then drest himself in her clothes and tucked himself into her bed. Pretty soon the real Little Red Riding-Hood came, and at first she thought that the wolf was her grandmother. She set the basket down.

“Why, how large your ears are, grandmother!” she exclaimed in surprize.

“The better to hear you,” returned the wolf.

“How large your eyes are!”

“So much the better to see you.”

Then the little girl pulled down the bedclothes from the wolf's face.

“How large your teeth are!” she cried.

"So much the better to eat you!" said the wolf, and jumped out of bed.

Satan is swift. He can go faster than any of you boys or girls; and he is crafty, so crafty that none of you can expect to be as crafty as he, no matter how smart you are; and he is cruel. He has no heart and no conscience. Our Savior tells us that we go into the world like lambs among wolves. We need God to protect us from the swift, crafty and cruel Satan, who, like a wolf, seeks to destroy us. How many of you will go out to-day as missionaries from the junior congregation? Tell your little friends the meaning of February. Tell them the true name of the God who protects us from the evil one. "The Lord is my shepherd."

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY

HOW TO MAKE OTHERS SING

"Many shall rejoice at his birth."—*Luke i., 14*

FEBRUARY is the shortest month, but it has a long week of great days—four holy days, two holidays and St. Valentine's day. This week we celebrate Lincoln's birthday, the red-letter day for black men. Many have rejoiced at his birth. Lincoln as a little child is the story I have for you to-day. Every time a child is born Christ tries to come back to the world. He wants to live in the child and to make him a savior. Do you want to learn how he got into the life of Lincoln and made him the savior of the slaves?

In a humble log cabin of Indiana, Lincoln's mother was dying. She called her son, then nine years old, to her side. In a voice weak but full of love she said: "I am going to leave you, Abe—and, oh, how hard it is to part with you! How beautiful it is outdoors! It is beautiful wherever God is. I learned to love Him at the old camp-meeting, and I want you to learn to love Him."

The mother was making a place for Christ in her child's heart. She gave him the following rules by which he could keep Christ in his heart and life. "I am thankful God gave you to us. Love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, and the world will be glad some day that you were born."

The father, standing in the cabin doorway, said, "But he can't sing like you, Nancy."

"The heart sings in many ways," she replied; "some hearts make other hearts sing. Abraham may not have my voice; but he has my heart, and he may make others sing."

Did Lincoln ever make other hearts sing? As our seventeenth President of the United States, he freed 3,895,172 slaves. They sang the song of freedom, and the world joined in the chorus.

Your second birthday is when Christ comes into your life to make you a savior. You can have, and I want you to have, a birthday in February. Ask Christ to-day to take your life and use it, as He took Lincoln's life and used it, and you will be able to make others sing. "Love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, and the world will be glad some day that you were born."

But, you say, I never can do any great thing as

Lincoln did. Probably you can not, but some of the greatest and noblest acts of his life were little things. For instance, one day, after he became a Congressman, he was walking along the street when he saw a little girl crying at a gate. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Lincoln. The little girl explained that she was going on a journey, no one had come for her trunk, and she was afraid that she would lose the train. "How big is the trunk?" was the next question as the tall man pushed through the gate. When he saw it, Mr. Lincoln shouldered it, and very soon was striding down the street with the little girl trotting behind him.

"Just like him," said the people when they heard.

A still more touching story is told of him during the hard days of the war. He was visiting at the hospital one afternoon and stopt to speak to a boy of sixteen, wounded mortally and near his end. Mr. Lincoln, taking the thin, white hand, said:

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

With a beseeching look the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself and wrote

a long letter. When it was finished the President arose, saying:

"I will mail this as soon as I get back to the office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand."

That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes, and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move nor speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came.

But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowfully at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY

HOW TO WEIGH CHARACTER

"Let me be weighed in an even balance."—*Job xxxi., 6*

FEBRUARY is the birth month of "the Father of our Country." This week we celebrate the 176th anniversary of his birthday. We have his picture and his history and we can visit his home at Mt. Vernon. Have you ever found any record of how much he weighed? Somewhere I have read of a great king who kept his birthday by a curious custom. In a room in the palace he had a huge pair of scales set up. The noblemen were invited to come and see him weighed. The king sitting in one scale was weighed against silver and gold. As the silver and gold against which the king was weighed was given to the poor, they prayed for his health and increase in weight.

If we can not find out how much Washington's body weighed, I believe we can put him on "an even balance" and weigh his character. God weighed Belshazzar and said: "Thou are weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." It is character that God weighs.

Let us put Washington on one side of the scales over against a child. First, we shall weigh him over against a little "Jersey Dutch" child who saw him pass by. The child said, "Hy giet meer zo's een audere kerel" ("He looks just like any other man"). Just about the average weight of ordinary men. The little Dutch girl could not weigh character, and therefore thought he was just an ordinary man.

Let us weigh him over against a little girl on horseback. She was going to mill with a bag of grain placed across the horse's neck in front of her. Soon she saw General Washington and a company of soldiers. Her horse was so frightened by the glitter of their trappings and the rattle of their swords that she was in danger of being thrown to the ground. Washington ordered a halt, rode quickly to the side of the frightened horse and led him to a safe place. He knew the little girl was helping her father, so he sent her on her way with an act of kindness and a word of cheer. This gives Washington's weight in character.

His character, like the silver and gold against which the kings were weighed, brought a blessing to the poor. This country was his gift to the oppress of all nations.

You probably think these instances, over against which we have weighed Washington, are but trifles in a great man's life. Remember that trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Lincoln and Washington were not great men because they did some great things, but they did great things because they were great men. If somewhere unseen there is a bell that rings but once in every man's life, rings when he performs his noblest deed, at what time did it ring in Washington's career? Not after some great victory when the world was watching, but when he turned aside, as in the instance of the little child, to help the helpless. Can I prove this? The great rewards in heaven are all given for what we would call little acts of kindness on earth. Those who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the strangers in His name, are rewarded with kingdoms in heaven. In all the Bible there is not one reward offered that can not be secured by any member of our junior congregation. God will weigh you in an even balance and will reward you for little acts of kindness.

In the Bank of England there is a machine into which the gold coins are placed as they come from the mint. As the coins pass through, each is weighed "in an even balance." All such as are light of weight are cast to one side, while those of full weight pass on as honorable and useful coin of the realm. Every day and in every act of your life you are weighed and judged.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY

NAILS IN THE OLD GATE-POST

"Nailing it to his cross."—*Col. ii., 14*

AS we leave February let us remember it as the wolf month. The Romans, as we have learned from the first sermon of this month, knew their need of some one stronger than man to protect them from evil. The wolf being one of their animal enemies, they called the evil spirit, who was their enemy, a wolf; and the good spirit, who protected them from the evil spirit, they named Lupercus, one who warded off the wolf. Conscience told them that a good spirit would want them to be pure and good. They therefore held a purification service called *februarius*, from which we get the name February. A part of this service of purification was the killing of a goat as a sacrifice for sin. From the skin of the slain goat they made whips with which they punished all who had done wrong. God was trying to tell the Romans a great truth, but they could not fully understand it. They were trying to be good, but did not know how to be good. He surely loved them for trying

to learn to do right. God has given us the Bible in order that we may read, study and understand this great truth. From the Bible we learn that Christ suffered and died for us. By His stripes we are healed. Taking our sins He nailed them to His cross.

Do children sin? Did Christ have to die for children as truly as He did for older people? Let us take one sin as an example. Do children swear? "No, no, no!"—you all answer. Wait a minute. You do not use swear words, you do not swear with your mouth. But do you swear with your hands and feet? Word swearing is done with the mouth, wooden swearing is done with the hands and feet. A boy, and possibly a girl, is angry, very angry, and he kicks over a chair, slams and bangs the door, stamps hard as he goes out—wooden swearing. Christ died to save us from the sins of our hands and feet as well as from the sins of our tongue. Sin is in the heart, and it is no less a sin if it comes out of the hand or foot rather than out of the mouth.

God forgives and forgets your sins for Christ's sake. A story I heard when a boy will help you to remember this great truth. A father said to his son, "John, every time you disobey, I shall drive a nail in the gate-post." It was not a long time before

John saw a number of nails in the post. If a bad report came from school it was nailed to the post. At first John thought it was a good joke, but one day he saw a tear on his father's face as he drove another nail. Then John told his father he was sorry and would do better if he would forgive him. Then every time he obeyed, the father would draw out one of the nails. One day as John passed down the walk he threw up his cap and shouted for joy; the nails were all out of the post, and for that he was glad; but the nailholes were all in the post, and for that he was sorry. John would start out for a happy day, but as he passed the gate the nailholes were like eyes looking down into his soul. John had my sympathy. There was something not exactly right about that gate-post. The Bible told me that when God forgives He also forgets—He remembers our sins no more against us. The father, when he forgave John, should have put in a new gate-post. Our Father not only takes out the nails, but He puts in a new post. The cross is the old post to which our sins were nailed. The new post is God's love, and on it swings the gate to heaven. When we meet our Savior, we will not see nail-prints in His hands and feet—love has healed them and rubbed out the scars.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN MARCH

THE GOD OF WAR

“Being forty days tempted of the devil.”—*Luke iv., 2*

IN the Roman year, March was for a long time the first month. It was at the head of the month class. In England, 1752, January “went up head” and February stood second, pushing March down to third place.

March is a namesake of Mars—the one whom the Romans worshiped as the god of war. The Bible tells us that our Messiah, not Mars, is the real “God of War.” He fought the greatest battle which ever occurred on earth, and won the world’s most-renowned victory. It was the forty-days’ battle of the wilderness. All through it he had fasted and fought.

Prior to this battle the devil had never been conquered on earth. The Messiah, the captain of our salvation, defeated him and drove him from the field. Then the angels came and celebrated the victory. Lent, the time of fasting and prayer, which we are now observing, is the monument that the Church has erected in memory of this battle of the

wilderness. The memorial service begins on Ash Wednesday and continues until Easter Sunday. Some of you bright boys and girls are counting, and I can almost hear you say:

“From Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday there are forty-six days.”

This is a case where your grammar must correct your arithmetic. You counted the six Sundays, overlooking the difference between the meaning of the little words “in” and “of,” days “in” Lent and days “of” Lent. Never again make that mistake. Sunday is a feast day, never a fast day—day of joy, never a day of sorrow. It is not a day of leanness, but a day of love. In consequence we have Sundays “in” Lent, but never “of” Lent.

In some churches, on Ash Wednesday, the priest will sprinkle ashes on the heads of the penitents and say, “Remember that thou art dust, and wilt to dust return.”

This reminds us of how Satan has put us in the dust. Sunday is celebrated as the victory day—the day on which Christ lifted us up from the dust. We have an Ash Wednesday, but can never have an “Ash Sunday.” Days of Lent are battle days; Sundays are victory days.

If you give up candy on the days "of" Lent you can enjoy it on the Sundays "in" Lent. Forty fast days and six feast days you may properly have, but do not reverse the figures, as some do—forty feast days and six fast days. If you want to gain a victory in Lent, you can do something better than to give up sweets—you can give up the bitter things. Get all the bitterness and hatred out of your heart. Our God of War is the God of Love. Satan is the only one that you should hate and wish to injure. Push him out of your life, fill his place with Christ, and then, like Him, you will conquer Satan, sin and all the army of evil.

Translate Lent into love. Here is a story that I once read which will aid you to remember the sermon: Dr. Moffat, the South African missionary, was visited one day by a shepherd boy who had become converted through reading the New Testament. He explained that the big watch-dog had found the book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat told him that he would get him another New Testament, but the boy was not at all comforted by the offer.

"Think of the dog," he said.

"If your dog can crunch an ox-bone he will not be hurt by a bit of paper," replied the missionary.

But he was much mistaken when he thought that the boy feared for the animal's health. The boy quickly put him right as to what were his real fears.

"Oh, Papa Moffat," he exclaimed, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy, I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament into my heart and began to love everything and forgave all my enemies. Now the dog has got the blest book in him and will begin to love the lions and the tigers and will let them help themselves to the sheep and oxen."

What a beautiful tribute this African boy, in the simplicity of his heart, paid to the power of our God of War, who is the God of Love.

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN MARCH

THE LENTEN BOXING-CLASS

"So fight I."—*I. Cor. ix., 26*

A JUNIOR congregation should have a boxing-class. I propose to organize one this morning. How many will join this new class? Every boy and a number of the girls! I am glad that so many are ready and enthusiastic. We will call the class the Lenten boxing-class. Your parents may object to the idea of teaching you to box, but you must tell them that we have authority from the Bible and the example of St. Paul. "So fight I," said Paul. In the original, the words mean "So box I." It was not boxing in fun, but in real earnest, "So box I, not as one that beateth the air." He boxed with a man of exactly his own size and weight.

When you learn to read the Greek Testament, you will find that Paul boxed with his opponent until he gave him a black eye—beat him black and blue. Paul's name before his conversion was Saul. Saul hated the Christians, and was very cruel against them. Like a wild animal, he was breathing out

threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. One day, when going to Damascus to persecute the Christians, he met the Lord, who said to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

After Paul had met and talked with the Lord, he fell in love with Him and became a Christian. He was born again, converted and became a new man. Paul was the new name that the Lord gave to the new man. Now, there were two men in one body, Saul and Paul, and each wanted to use the same body, intellect, conscience and will. Saul said they were his; Paul said, no, they belong to me. In this way the quarrel began. You may think this is very strange. How, you ask, could two men claim the same body?

Let me ask John and Mary a few questions. John, you united with the Church last Easter. You were born again, you were converted, became a new boy, and received the new name, Christian. Has Christian John been able to use his body, intellect, conscience and will just as he desired? Have there not been times when the other John wanted to use these powers and to do as he pleased with them? On Sunday, Christian John wanted to go to church. The other John wanted to go fishing. One John wanted to tell

the truth. The other John thought that a lie was the easiest way out of a difficulty. Each wanted the body, the conscience, the will, and you found that it was necessary for one to conquer.

Mary, you were very sweet and happy last Easter, but later you were very sorry and unhappy. What was the trouble? Did Christian Mary and the other Mary each want to use the same body? Mother said, "Mary, we will trim the old hat, and it will look very nice." Did one Mary get angry and call the hat the "horrid old thing?" And did the other Mary, Christian Mary, say, "All right, mother, if you will smile on my hat, the bees will find nectar in the old flowers."

Now, I think you understand what I said about Saul and Paul. Paul boxed and conquered Saul, his other and evil self. "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection." In his next letter to the Corinthians, he tells them how he kept his intellect, conscience and will in subjection.

In you there are really two lives—the good and the evil. Possibly your father and mother have two names for you. You may have one name at home and another name at school. A nickname often fits "like the paper on the wall."

Here is a story in which, like a looking-glass, you

can see two boys in one body: A young woman, hastily turning the corner of a street, ran against a ragged beggar boy and nearly knocked him over. He growled, swore and was ready to fight. The young woman said kindly: "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am sorry that I ran against you."

The boy was amazed. No one, since his mother died, had spoken a kind word to him. He had almost forgotten the good boy that his mother kissed. He looked up at the woman, took off his cap and said: "You hev my parding, miss, and ye're welcome to it. An', say, the next time you run ag'in me, you kin knock me clean down and I won't say a word."

After the lady had passed on, the boy said to a companion; "I say, Jim, it's fine to hev somebody asking yer parding, ain't it?"

Lent is a fine time for the good child to conquer the evil child. Your God of War will help you, and you can conquer before Easter.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN MARCH

THE SECOND BOXING-LESSON

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—*II. Cor. x., 5*

PAUL, from whom we are taking our boxing-lessons, says: "We must bring into captivity every thought." This mental boxing demands action. Your antagonist is as quick as thought. How quick is thought? It has been estimated that it takes two-fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated or the language in which a certain well-known author wrote. It takes on an average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and one-half of a second to multiply them. If one does not know which of two colored lights is to be presented, and is to raise the right hand if it be the red and the left if it be the blue, he needs about one-thirteenth of a second to make the correct motion.

As quick as a thought is as quick as a flash—a question of fractions of seconds, not of minutes. You

conquer or are conquered by thought in the fraction of a second. You must ward off the attack of evil thoughts and capture the passing good thoughts. How can you ward off evil thoughts? A quaint old writer wrote: "We can not help the birds from flying over our head, but we can prevent their building nests in our hair."

You boys and girls can not prevent evil thoughts from flying over your heads, but you can keep them from building nests in your brains.

Evil thoughts drive away good thoughts. The English sparrow is fighting the bluebird; the bird with the song is driven out by a bird without a song. Evil thoughts, like the chattering and scolding sparrows, are fighting the song-birds of good and uplifting thoughts. Go out to the park and watch the pugnacious and homely sparrow driving the peaceful and beautiful bluebird from his resting-place. As you watch them, think of the struggle between good and evil thoughts. See if you can find a song-bird's nest in a tree where the owl has made his home. God will not remain where evil thoughts prevail. One Sunday a minister said: "There is nowhere, no place, that God is not." After the service a little child went to him and said: "You don't know about God. He

isn't everywhere, like you think He is, 'cause the Bible says, 'God is not in the thoughts of the wicked.' That's why He doesn't always get in me; but I am trying to be very good this week, so He'll come." As the clergyman took the bright child in his arms, she added naively: "You don't know everything, do you, domine?"

Capture great thoughts and bring them to the obedience of Christ. Daniel Webster, when asked what was the greatest thought that ever imprest his mind, replied: "My personal responsibility to God."

Capture great thoughts, make them the servants of Christ and your better self, and some day you will be as great as your thoughts. If evil thoughts capture you, outbox you and become the servant of your other self, you will never be better than your evil thoughts. How can we keep good thoughts in our hearts? Paul, who used so many fighting terms, writes to the Philippians: "The peace of God shall garrison, supply with soldiers, your hearts and thoughts." If you will do the fighting, God will do the keeping.

A picture is some one's thought put on canvas. A piece of statuary is a thought carved in marble. The Bible is God's thought in words. Wherever you find

a great and good thought, conquer it and it will bless you.

Listen to a legend by Clarence Edgar Rice. "In a small village by the sea, where the great waves came rushing shoreward to break upon the cliffs, Nature had carved high on a prominent point a beautiful face. There in the eternal rock the features were plainly to be traced in their beauty, outlined against the sky. And there was a tradition that some time a great benefactor was to come to the people and that he would resemble the wonderful face carved in the rock before them. A boy living there knew the legend well, and watched daily to catch the first glimpse of the coming man. Every new face that came to the village was eagerly scanned to see if it were not the one prophesied. Years went by and he did not appear; and the boy grew to be a man, and still he looked upward to the face against the sky and wondered if, after all, they would realize the promise. He grew to be an old man, and still he looked, until one day, as the people had gathered together, it appeared all at once that the man himself, who from boyhood had been studying the face, was the one who resembled it. He himself, who had watched it so long, was the fulfilment of the proph-

ecy; for while he had contemplated it he had grown into its likeness."

Beautiful thoughts are constantly before us; if we treasure them, love them, live them, lo! some day we shall grow into their likeness.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN MARCH

BETTER BOXING-GLOVES

"The weapons of our warfare."—II. Cor. x., 4

LIFE is a battle. Weapons of warfare are given to every creature on earth. The flower is provided with thorns and the animal with horns. In darkest Africa, and some other places, boys and girls fight with their teeth, nails and fists. As men rise higher in culture and civilization the weapons of their warfare become more refined. This is true, also, in nature. Flowers can be taught to drop their thorns and to take beauty and fragrance as better weapons of warfare. As boys and girls are civilized, the contests in the classroom and the debating society take the place of boxing-glove contests: Above the brain life—the intellectual life—is the spirit life. Christianity is a higher form of civilization, and the spiritual people "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

The weapons with which you fight show in what grade of civilization you belong. Try to get a clear idea of these different weapons of warfare—

how the old may be changed into new and more powerful ones. The following illustration may help you to find the new boxing-gloves: "An interesting experiment was made some time ago at Willett's Point, N. Y., by Captain King, of the United States Army. He took an old gun sixteen feet long, wound it with ten miles of copper wire, and then connected it with an electric battery. The result was astounding. The old gun, used to repulsion, the synonym of destruction, only useful when opposed to great forces, had changed its character completely. It now exhibited wonderful attractive power. The cannon-ball that once whistled from its mouth, now, by an irresistible force, leapt toward it. The iron and steel which it used to repel were now enticed. In short, Captain King found that the disused gun was the most wonderful magnet in the world.

It soon became one of the sights to see cannon-balls, which no man could lift, rise from the ground to the muzzle of the magnet, and it did not take long to find out that this wonderful magnet had a lifting power of twenty-two tons.

One of the most interesting experiments was to place a soldier about a foot from the muzzle of the gun and then turn on the current. Great iron

spikes would jump from the ground and attach themselves to the silent soldier, who bristled with them all over like a metallic porcupine. Even great cannon-balls would leap up and hang upon him. There he would stand holding up a much greater weight than he could ever possibly lift, and all with no conscious expenditure of strength. This, which was the natural, seemed the wonderful part of the scene, and always imprest the visitor.

For the power was not in the man, but in the magnet behind him. It was simply working through him, and would always do so as long as he stood within the radius of its activity. When he moved away from the magnet the iron would fall from his body, because there was no power in him to sustain it."

Think of this illustration while you listen to the text—"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The best weapons, or boxing-gloves, are not carnal, that is, of the flesh, but they are spiritual.

God wants to convert you into a great magnet. Solomon tells us of one of God's many ways of changing a boy or girl into a magnet. "A soft answer

turneth away wrath." A story, from *Current Anecdotes*, will illustrate this way: A lawyer bought a farm where there had been a lawsuit going on for many years with a neighbor about the boundary line. The lawyer went to see the obstinate neighbor at once, and he found the man ready for fight. The lawyer mildly inquired:

"What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot, at least, at the other."

"Well," replied the lawyer, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the astonished neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said the genial lawyer. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough, so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The old farmer paused abashed. He had been

ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. After looking at the lawyer a moment, he said:

"Squire, that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nuthin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing."

FOR FIFTH SUNDAY IN MARCH

A PARENTAL BOXING-LESSON

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."—*Prov. xxii., 15*

THE heart is like a house. In it are rooms, many of them occupied and a few "to let." If Satan be the agent, there will be some bad tenants. In one room Mr. Anger will have quarters, in another Miss Pride. Master Selfishness may have a whole suite; and Mr. Sluggard will have a room, for which he will refuse to pay rent. Our text tells of one occupant found in the heart of every child. His name is Foolishness. He is bound in the heart and is therefore difficult to get out of your house. Your parents, who are supposed to have learned boxing long before you were born, must give you a few instructions. In this instance they do the boxing and you do the rest. Solomon, a wise man of long experience, said: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." "Betimes" is the English of a Hebrew word which means "with the dawn," that is, very early in the morning. "He that spareth the rod, hateth his

son ; but he that loveth him chasteneth him, gives him a boxing, early in the morning." Why should this parental boxing-lesson be given early in the morning? If you do not conquer Foolishness in the morning, he will certainly get you into trouble during the day. Another reason for the lesson in the dawn is that Foolishness is the first one up in the morning. He rooms next to Mr. Sluggard, and he tells him, after the morning bell, to sleep a little longer, that there is plenty of time to dress before breakfast. He wakes Mr. Anger, whose business it is to make it difficult for boys and girls to be happy before breakfast. At the table he sits next to Master Selfishness, and tells him to help himself, and he prompts Miss Pride to scold the cook. With the dawn, therefore, is certainly the best time for the parental boxing-lesson.

The morning lesson has a meaning for the parents as well as for the children. Parents should not give the lesson when they are angry. They are liable to break some of the furniture in the room where Foolishness is bound. In the early dawn, after a night of sleep and rest, is the best time for the boxing-lesson.

If Foolishness is not driven from the heart, he will certainly bring sorrow to the child and shame to the

parents. Here is a story about a child out of whose heart Foolishness had not yet been driven: Among the passengers on a St. Louis train recently was a woman accompanied by a nurse-girl and a boy about three years old. The boy roused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and his vicious treatment of his nurse. Whenever the nurse manifested any sharpness the mother chided her sharply. Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window near the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it. The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly, "Harry mustn't touch; bug will bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse. The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply: "Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a——"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the eyes of the passengers.

The mother spoke again. "Mary!" she cried. "Let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said demurely, "He's got it, ma'am!"

If Solomon had been there he would have told the mother that: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN APRIL

A LESSON FROM ALL FOOLS' DAY

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."—*Ps.* xiv., 1

APRIL is the month of snow and sunshine, show-
ers and flowers. It is the month of one foolish
day and of many great days. Beginning with "All
Fool's day," it hastens to reveal the wisdom and love
of God in Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday, Good Fri-
day, and that day of days, Easter Sunday.

The first day of April is known as "All Fools' day." Our English word fool comes to us from the Latin *follis*, meaning a bellows, a windbag. It is a picture-word, showing how one acting the fool puffs out his cheeks like a windbag, or bellows. The Bible speaks very kindly of weak-minded and idiotic people. But the Bible condemns, and we have a right to censure, all who, having brain, misuse it and act foolishly.

Let me fix in your mind the meaning of the word fool. When the fire in the grate or stove is nearly out you take the bellows, or make one by puffing out your cheeks, and blow on the fire in order to make it burn brighter and stronger. There is a good

reason for doing this, and your act is one of wisdom. But if you puff out your cheeks and blow into an empty grate or stove, one without either fuel or fire, you are acting like an idiotic or weak-minded person. Your brain is the grate for which fuel and fire are provided. If without the fuel of knowledge and the fire of thought in your head, you try to warm up to recitation or examination by blowing, simply blowing, you will get an *f*, and an *o o* and an *l* on your report. Our text tells us of a man who either did not put knowledge into his head or did not kindle it by the friction of thought, and then blew so hard that these cold and empty words fell out on the hearth, "There is no God." If this man had been a real fool God would have forgiven him. But having a good brain, with fuel and fire within his reach, he got this epitaph for his tomb: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Thursday was "All Fools' day," and possibly some of you boys and girls were made to blow into an empty grate. See to it that you have fuel and fire during the rest of the year.

Here is a story to show you how a foolish man—an unbeliever—was made wise. One day he was walking in the woods. He thought to himself, "If I could

see a plan and order in God's works I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up, and began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were 125 to 1. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied 125 by itself to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were 15,625 to 1. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers; they had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And picking up the little flower, he kissed it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flower; sing on, little birds; you have a God, and I have a God; that God that made these little flowers made me."

And here is another story to show you how a wise father taught his little son how to gather knowledge about God and how to make it burn by the friction of thought. In the corner of the garden he wrote the boy's name. Ten days after this the boy ran to his father and said: "My name is growing in the garden."

The father said: "Yes, but what is there in this to interest you? Was it not a mere chance that the seeds scattered in the garden grew into your name?"

The boy said: "No, some one must have arranged this; scattered seeds never could have gotten together and spelled my name."

The father then asked him to consider his hands and feet and how all parts of his body worked together in harmony. Did all this come by chance? "No," answered the boy; "some one must have made me." His father told him the name of the Great Being who had made him and all the world. The boy thought of this lesson until he could almost see God walking in the garden. The wise boy said in his heart, "There is a God."

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN APRIL

CHILDREN AND PALM SUNDAY

"The children crying in the temple, and saying, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.'"—*Matt. xxi., 15*

THIS is Palm Sunday, the first day of Holy Week. It is the one day of rejoicing surrounded by many days of sorrow and suffering. Try to imagine a day in early spring, with sunshine strong enough to start the flowers blooming, the birds singing and men rejoicing. The next day winter returns with snow and ice and clouded sky, flowers fading and freezing, birds starving and dying. This will give you some idea of what Palm Sunday was to Christ in the midst of His days of suffering, darkness and death. The first Palm Sunday was children's day, when, free from all restraint, they ran from place to place shouting for joy. It was all the holidays they had ever enjoyed rolled into one day, and unfolded like a panorama along the pathway of Christ. The climax of their joy and rejoicing was when they met Him in the Temple and shouted: "Hosanna to the son of David." When the chief priests and scribes heard the children crying, "Hosanna to

the son of David," they were sore displeased. To them the children's cry was discord, but Christ wove about it "exquisite harmonies." In *The Homiletic Review*, March, 1907, is a story that beautifully illustrates this truth.

"At a large hotel a bright little girl about twelve years old, so soon as the meals were over, went at once to the drawing-room and began to play on the piano a familiar tune with one finger. When she came to a certain place she struck a false note, which grated on the ears of the listeners. Three times a day for several days, for twenty minutes at a time, she kept this up, always playing the same tune, always striking the same discord.

Just when the annoyance had reached its height, a young musician and his wife arrived. At the end of the first meal thereafter the little girl left the table and began to play.

The musician quickly took in the situation; and, drawing a chair up behind the little girl, he put his arms around her and put his hands on the keys. Whenever the little girl struck a note he wove around it the most exquisite harmonies, and when she struck the same old discord the music transcended all the rest. The room was soon crowded with people. They

came from the dining-room. They heard from upstairs and came down. They came from the street. The musician lifted the little girl down and, taking her by the hand, bowed to the audience, saying: 'Allow me to present the little girl who played the music. I only played the harmonies.' "

The children on Palm Sunday were shouting Hosanna, Christ played the harmonies. To Him it was the perfecting of praise.

There are churches to-day that are trying to celebrate Palm Sunday without a children's service and a children's song. Palm Sunday service, or any Sunday service, without children is like a garden without flowers, birds without songs, a day without light, a night without stars, a choir without music, Easter without lilies, Palm Sunday without palms. Take children out of the life of Christ, and you will mar its beauty and decrease its value.

Sin is very mean when it tries, as it did on the first Palm Sunday, to separate children from Christ.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN APRIL

CONQUERING THE GRAVE

"The third day He shall rise again."—*Matt. xx.*, 19

WHEN this world was created there was no place made for cemeteries. God did not intend that this beautiful earth should ever be scarred by graves. Sin brought death, and death compelled us to dig graves.

A grave is a cruel cut or wound over the heart of our mother earth. The wound heals, but it leaves a scar. The early Christians put the bodies of their dead in great caves called catacombs. Some of our Indian tribes put their dead in trees. To-day it is difficult to find a place to bury the dead.

In some of the London cemeteries they have taken away the tombstones, leveled the graves, and changed the cemeteries into children's playgrounds. Some day, but not in your day, Greenwood may be cut up into streets, playgrounds and building lots. The day is coming when there will not be any graves on earth, and the scars will all fade out, for an angel is coming to call all the dead from their graves. Death is only

a sleep, and when we rise we shall be wide-awake. When Christ was crucified His friends did not purchase a tomb for His body, they borrowed one and used it only three days. Christ said He would rise the third day, so His enemies sealed the tomb, rolled a great stone upon the door, and stationed soldiers there to watch His resting-place. When Christ shook off His sleep, it fell on the soldiers, and He walked out into the garden while they slept. The stone had been rolled from the door of His tomb. In your school history you learn that in the center of Rome there was a golden mile-stone from which all distances were reckoned to the remotest extremes of the Roman Empire. The stone rolled from Christ's tomb, and on which the angel sat, is the mile-stone from which we measure the distance from earth to heaven.

We are to-day celebrating that great event, and we call it Easter. We have all these banks of flowers to make the church look like the garden where Christ rose and met His friends.

Do you boys and girls know that in our United States we have an Easter-Sunday State where flowers bloom every month of the year? When Ponce de Leon, on Easter Sunday, 1512, after passing the Caicos and other islands, discovered the main-

land, he called it Pascua Florida, or flowery Easter. In 1819, this State became a part of our Union, and we call it Florida—flowers. Once a year, in every State, we have an Easter Sunday garden of flowers to remind us that after the grave is the garden.

When Mary, on that first Easter morning, went to the garden to visit the tomb she met Christ and mistook Him for the gardener. Many of the first artists have painted Christ as a gardener and have put in his hand a hoe, a spade or some other garden implement. There are times when we think of Him as the “Door,” the “Light of the world,” the “Shepherd”; but at Easter time we like to think of our Christ as the Gardener.

Sin will put you and me to death and will wound mother earth in making a place to hide us, but as truly as our Christ rose, enjoyed the garden, met His friends, and lived with them for a time, so truly you and I will rise from our graves, enjoy this beautiful world again, meet our best friends, live with them and be taken up into a larger and better world, where there are many gardens but no graves.

Here is a story to help you to remember that no power on earth can keep you in the grave when the angel of the resurrection calls you.

An infidel German countess, more than a century ago, when dying ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around this should be placed solid rocks; that the entire mass should be fastened together by strong iron clamps; and that this inscription should be cut on the stone: "This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." A little seed, however, sprouted inside the covering, and a tiny head pushed its way up between the slabs and grew and grew until it burst the iron clamps and lifted the immense block so that the entire structure became broken, confused stones, among which, in verdure and beauty, grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. The Gardener will plant the seed of life in your grave.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN APRIL

A WINGED MESSENGER OF SPRING

"The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times."—

Jer. viii., 7

YOUR spring hat and new clothes are a week old.

I am never quite sure that spring is here until I look over my Easter-Sunday congregation. One week after Easter is a fitting time to ask if you have heard the call of spring. Flowers hear it under the snow and wake up, rise up, and bloom. Birds hear the call in the south and look back and fly back to the north. The robin is one of the first to return, and its red breast looks like a fire kindled in the snow at which to warm its feet. Sometimes their new nests are filled with snow. Has the call of spring deceived them? No; they wait and sing, for something in their hearts tells them that it is April, and not December. Last year, when standing by a newly made grave in Greenwood, and while trying to shelter myself from the storm, I saw a robin fly to a near-by tree, and I heard its voice of spring. The branch, shaken by the bird, dropt its covering of snow and revealed the swelling buds—proof of springtime,

promise of flower and fruit. The robin had faith in the call of spring, and believed that the time of the singing of birds had come. Her head said, it is winter; her heart answered, it is spring. The heart was right. Spring was only gathering up the bits of winter that had lodged in the corners of April and was carrying them away on the snow plow of storm. In a few hours there was no snow, no winter—all was sunshine and spring.

Long ago Jeremiah saw the faith and obedience of birds and used them to rebuke the wayward children of God: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." You boys and girls hear in your conscience the call of God. Do you always obey? The message of the birds to you and me is, faith and obedience. The bird has instinct, we have intelligence. We should not permit the birds to put us to shame. Listen to a story from "Our Animal Friends," and it will tell you of how a bird, by hearing and obeying the call of spring and fall, became a faithful and useful messenger.

Some German children found a stork and her nest on the roof of their home. All summer they fed their new friend, and she became very tame. Their parents

A WINGED MESSENGER OF SPRING 81

told them that when cold weather came the stork would hear a voice calling it away, so they wrote a letter and tucked it under her wing and fastened it with a ribbon. They wrote of their love for the stork, and asked those to whom she went to be kind.

When the spring came around again their little feet used to climb to the roof day by day. They looked and longed for the stork's return, and one fine morning there she was, as tame and gentle as ever. Great was their delight, but what was their surprise to discover, tied around her neck, and under her wing, another bright band, with a note to the "Children who wrote the letter the stork brought."

The note was from a missionary in Africa, and it said that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork, and as he thought that children with such kind hearts would like to help the children of his mission, he attached his name and address. The children were filled with sympathy. Many letters were interchanged, and they came to know the missionary and his little charges almost as well as their beloved stork.

Are my boys and girls ready to become messengers of good news? Then listen to the call and obey. God will write the message and use you as His messenger.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY

APPLE-BLOSSOM SUNDAY

"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."—*Solomon's Song*, ii., 3

SOME authorities say that we get the name May from the Latin word *Maius*, the goddess of growth. May was the month when the Roman children watched the growth of plants and trees, and gathered flowers with which to decorate the doors and windows of their homes. It is the month of the May-pole and the May queen; the time of flowers, dance and song.

Apple blossoms are May's most beautiful and fragrant flowers. Let us bring armfuls of them to our church, and decorate our May-pole, the cross, and make the church look like an apple orchard. After the service we can take the flowers to the hospital, and put them on the beds and walls of the children's ward, and crown each child with flowers as a May queen or king. It will be like taking a breath of heaven into the sick-room, a smile of God for those who suffer. The first or second Sunday in May we will call Apple-blossom Sunday. Each year it will

bring a blessing to those who can not go to the orchard.

Our text gives us a beautiful picture. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." When you look at an apple-tree in full bloom, filling the air with fragrance and loading the bee with honey, just notice how much more beautiful it is than all the other trees. Solomon knew nearly all there was to know about trees. "He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Speaking of the Lord, whom he called his beloved, he said: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." We think of God as beyond the stars, but we often find Him among the flowers. It was in a garden that God first talked with man, loved him, and blest him. In a garden Christ rose from the tomb, the great event we celebrate at Easter.

The story of "John Chapman" tells us how a man served God and blest humanity by planting apple-trees. His words were apple-seeds; his parish, a homeless country, through which he walked; his churches, apple-trees; his sermons, apple-blossoms. Ripe apples were his benediction upon the people who came after

he had gone. The organ-loft was a nest on the limb, and the choir were birds singing their praise for the shelter of the trees. Dr. Hillis tells us how John Chapman, known as "Johnny Appleseed," served and blest humanity by drifting down the Ohio in a boat filled with apple-seeds. His plan was to go in advance of the settlers, planting orchards in the wilderness. When he had found an open glade in the forest, he dug up the soil, planted several thousand apple-seeds, wove a brush fence to keep the deer away, then drifted down the river to repeat his work in another open glade. When the early settlers came to these open glades they found the fruit-trees that to them seemed to have been let down from God out of heaven.

When you read "Gulliver's Travels," you will find this sentiment: "He gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

The Friday after the first day of May is Arbor day. Children in the country can celebrate Arbor day by planting apple-trees by the roadside or so

near to the road that some branches can bring a blessing to weary travelers. In the spring the apple blossoms will bring good cheer, and in the fall the ripe apples will refresh and strengthen those who pass along the road.

If you can not plant a tree you can plant a flower. Everything beautiful is like a blessing let down by God from heaven. The more beautiful and fruitful you can make the earth the more you shall see of God. He steps down from the stars and meets you among the flowers.

Let every flower point you to God. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons."

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN MAY

CHILDREN'S STARS

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"—

Job. xxxviii., 31

"**H**ITCH your wagon to a star." If the name *May* came, as some claim, from *Maia*, then it reminds us of how the Greeks hitched their boats to a star. *Maia* in Greek mythology was a name for one of the stars in the group called *Pleiades*. This is a big word, but you children can master it. It is from the Greek and means to sail. In the spring the Greek sailors watched for the rising of this star *Maia* because it indicated the time for safe sailing.

In *May* they unhitched their boats from the shore and hitched them to the stars. Every sailor, during the "winter of his discontent," longed for the sweet influences of *Pleiades*. These influences were sure to come, for beyond the stars was God. He controls the movement of the stars, and no man can bind them. God asked *Job*, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of *Pleiades*?" God has the stars under His command, *Job* could not bind them. While living in a month

that is hitched to the stars we certainly should study astronomy.

The wise men who wrote our Bible were students of the stars, and spoke of them sixty-six times, just the number of books in the Bible. They made the stars as windows through which we look beyond the sky to God.

The stars are a long distance from us. If some of you boys and girls will help me, we shall try to measure the distance from where we stand to the stars. We will take a ray of light as our measuring-rod. Light travels 186,000 miles a second, 11,160,000 miles a minute. Yet so far away are the stars that the light that starts to us to-day from the nearest star will not reach us for four years—think of it—in September, 1912. The first lovers of the stars had nothing to help their eyes, and had therefore to look very carefully and steadily.

This great distance discourages you. Can children, you ask, study the stars? It was children who brought the stars close enough to earth for men carefully to study them. Nearly all we know about astronomy we owe to children. There are many things that God hath hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to boys and girls. The telescope, by which the

stars are brought close to us, was discovered by some little children. They were Dutch children, whose father was an optician in Holland. They were playing with some concave glasses, and chanced to hold them in such a way that the face of the church clock seemed to come close to them. Previous to this, when the father or mother asked what time is it? they had to run several blocks before they could see the hands of the clock. If, when returning, they tripped and fell, the time of day was forgotten. Now they could stand in the door or at the window and tell the time without leaving their play. At night they could play with the stars. Galileo, who gets all the credit, took the children's discovery and made a telescope. I think stars should belong to children. God hitched wise men to a star, which led them to the manger in Bethlehem, led them to the child who made the stars. In May, the star-month, let us begin to study the stars, the stars God chose to make Job wise. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork; . . . night unto night showeth knowledge."

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN MAY

THE MAGIC DIPPER

"I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink."—*Matt.* xxv., 35

HANG your dipper on the sky. In the country the dipper, or tin cup, hangs on the side of the pump. To-day you are to listen to the story of a dipper that hangs on the sky. There are several stars in the northern heavens so situated as to look like a long-handled dipper. Get some one to help you to find them and to show you how much they really look like a dipper. The two stars forming the further edge of the bowl are called "the pointers," as they point up to the north star. This is the star to which we hitch our ships when crossing the ocean.

There is a story or legend which pretends to tell how these seven bright stars came to form the dipper. Once in a country far away the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were

so hoarse that they could not sing, and the whole land was sad and mournful.

One night a little girl crept out of her house with a tin dipper in her hand and passed quietly into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her mother was dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her own parched lips, but, taking her dipper, she hurried home. In her haste she stumbled, and, alas! dropt her dipper. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog that had almost fainted for want of water.

She picked up the fallen dipper and, to her great surprize, found that not a drop of its precious contents had been spilled. Pouring out a few drops of water into her hand, she held it out for the dog to lap up. He did so, and seemed much revived. But as she had poured out the water the tin dipper had been changed into a beautiful silver dipper. Rushing to her home, she gave the dipper to her mother.

"Oh!" cried her mother, "I will not take it. I shall not live anyway. You must drink it. You are younger and stronger than I."

As she gave the dipper back untouched it changed to shining gold! She was just about to give each person in the household a spoonful, when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed Him the dipper. He took it saying: "Blessed is he who gives a cup of cold water in His name."

A radiance shone all about Him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain which supplied the thirsty land with water.

The seven diamonds rose into the air. Higher and higher they ascended, until at last they reached the sky, and there they changed into the seven bright stars which form the Great Dipper.

A legend only, but in it there is a lesson—a lesson from the study of astronomy. The story teaches us the value of unselfish service.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN MAY,

MEMORIAL DAY

"The land was wide, and quiet, and peaceable."—*I Chron. iv., 40*

ON Memorial day we cover with flowers the scars of war. The longest scar on the face of our country is 244 miles in length, and is known as the "Mason and Dixon's line." The history of this line should be clearly fixt in your minds. Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were English astronomers, and were sent by the Royal Society to Sumatra to observe the transit of Venus, June 6, 1761. Later, they came to this country, and were employed by Lord Baltimore and William Penn to establish the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania. The line fixt, 1767, ran 244 miles west from the Delaware River. This line became famous as the boundary between the free States of the North and the slave States of the South. For years it broke our wide and peaceful country into two parts. The boys and girls of the North, on one side of the line, and the boys and girls of the South, on the other side of the line, would not play together, and their fathers and

brothers quarreled with one another across the line. Brothers on one side of the line fought with brothers on the other side of the line. Then followed the awful scourge of war, when this long line was cut deep by cannon-balls and filled with blood. The graves of the brave soldiers were like broken pieces of this blood-line. This year brings the 141st anniversary of the Mason and Dixon's line, and the 42d anniversary of the deepening of the line and the filling of it with blood. The flag-pole and the May-pole are found to-day all along this old battle-line, and the children of the South and the children of the North are no longer separated. A lingering memory and a scar-line alone remain. Why, then, do I ask the junior congregation to learn about the lines that should be forgotten? Because I expect you boys and girls of the North to join with the boys and girls of the South in planting seeds of kindness until, not on Memorial day only, but also on every day of the year, the memory and the scars of war will be covered with vines and flowers.

The beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves has grown from a tiny seed thought. At the close of the war a German soldier of our army remarked that it was a custom in Germany for the

people once a year to scatter flowers on the graves of soldiers. In 1868 John A. Logan, National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order in which he named the 30th of May "for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every village, or hamlet churchyard in the land." The name "Decoration" has been changed to "Memorial."

The war is over. The wounds are all healed. We should cover the scars. If any of the boys or girls in your neighborhood are from the South, make them your friends. This will help to cover the scars. When you have grown to be young men and women, we may have weddings in this church for which the decorations will be blue and gray.

A member of our senior congregation, who was one of the soldier boys, sent me the following for our junior congregation:

I

Appomattox, May, 1865

The Blue and the Gray came together one day,
And this is how it came true;
The boys in blue were gray with dust,
And the boys in gray were *blue*.

II

Memorial Day, May, 1908

The Blue and the Gray are together again,
But not in the selfsame way;
The boys in gray are now "true blue,"
And the boys in *blue* are *gray*.

You boys and girls have no right in this land
which is wide and quiet and peaceable if you are not
helping to make it better and happier. I lay it upon
your hearts to make perfect peace between the North
and the South, and to hide the scars of war with
deeds of love.

FOR FIFTH SUNDAY IN MAY

OUR ORPHEUS AND THE MUSIC OF HIS LOVE

"The morning stars sang together."—*Job xxxviii., 7*

THE "Great Dipper," into which the north star pours its stream of light, was the subject of your last lesson in astronomy. Some distance south-east of the north star there is a cluster of stars known as the Lyre. The sky is the dome of God's great temple of music, where the morning stars sang together. Plato said the "immortal gods listened to the music of the spheres." The ancient astronomers thought they saw musical instruments hung on the stars. The Lyre hangs on a bright star named Vega, the third brightest star in the northern hemisphere. You may not now be able to find this cluster of stars they called the Lyre. I shall, therefore, tell you a story to help you to remember the cluster until you can view it through a telescope.

This Lyre, the star-gazers said, once belonged to Orpheus, a musician of ancient Greece. In mythology we have some wonderful stories concerning

Orpheus and his lyre. Wild animals were said to be tamed by his music, and savage men to be transfixed to the spot upon which they stood when Orpheus played. All living creatures turned to hear, and the stones rolled over to listen. So charmed was Jupiter with the man and the music that he carried the lyre to the sky when Orpheus died, and placed it among the stars.

One of the charming stories is that, when the wife of Orpheus died and went to the under-world, the musician obtained from Jupiter permission to take his lyre and go after her and bring her back to earth. The dog guarding the entrance to the lower world growled, and each of his three mouths threatened to tear Orpheus to pieces. Then Orpheus began to play his lyre, whereupon the furious beast wagged his tail and permitted the musician to pass into Hades. Orpheus so charmed Pluto, king of the under-world, that he promised to let him take his wife back to earth provided he would return the way he came and pass the three-headed dog, Cerberus, without once looking back. If Orpheus obeyed, then Pluto would permit his wife, Eurydice, to follow him back to earth. Near the exit, Orpheus, while keeping his feet in the right direction, turned his head to

look back. He disobeyed, and the door between him and his loved one closed forever.

As young astronomers, I want you to fasten a great truth to the star upon which Jupiter is supposed to have hung the lyre of Orpheus. Christ is our Orpheus, who came into this underworld of sin, to rescue His loved ones and bring them back to God. Satan withstood Him and tried to close the door. The sweet music of Christ's love, and His obedience unto death, conquered sin and Satan. If His followers had not shouted with joy, the stones would have cried out.

The text tells us that the morning stars sang together. The Bible also tells us that Christ is the "bright and morning star." We can therefore think of Him as the leader of the great choir. Your heart is the lyre upon which He asks to play. Do not forget that He is the friend of every boy and girl, and that He wants to keep you here, and to change your discord into harmony and your sighs and moans into music. He is trying to bring heaven to you on earth.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN JUNE

SONS OF THE BOW

"As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth."—*Psalm cxxvii.*, 4

JUNE is the children's month. Schools close in June, vacation begins in June, and June calls you to the fields to gather flowers. The name of this month comes from a Latin word akin to *juvenis*, meaning youth. I am glad we have a youth month, one we will call the children's month.

The text calls you the "children of youth" and June is the month of youth. Surely this month belongs to you. How can you make the best use of your month June?

Our text says that "children of the youth" are like arrows in the hand of a mighty man. During this month I want you to think of yourselves as arrows. Let Christ, who is the mighty man, use you as an arrow, and your month June will not be the brightest only, but also the best month of the year.

There are fifty arrows spoken of in the Bible, and some of the arrow stories are beautiful. One of the

Hebrew words, translated "arrow," means "son of the bow." Another means "flashing and rushing." The Indians would be interested in a book telling them so much about arrows. If they knew that you children were arrows—"sons of the bow," "flashing and rushing"—they would find you as interesting as your book.

The Bible says, "The tongue is an arrow shot out." Every time a boy or a girl asks a question that boy or girl shoots an arrow. Tell God that during June he may use your tongue as an arrow. Do not let Satan use it once, keep it for God. Here is a story that shows how God used a girl's tongue as an arrow. A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a church-letter which her mother had neglected to present to the church which she was attending. The little explorer rushed to her mother, shouting, "Oh, mama, I've found your religion in your old trunk!" This arrow found its mark—the mother's heart. She gave her letter to the pastor, and became an active member of the church.

God can make a good arrow out of a boy's tongue. There are two boys in this story. Their father was a good man, upright in business, and in his heart

a believer in the religion of Christ. He was very busy, and when Sunday would come he would always be very tired. He had become interested, too, in his paper, so he gradually stopt going to church. His wife went regularly, and sometimes took the children. One morning, just after his wife had gone, he was comfortably seated, reading the financial page, when he heard the boys talking in the next room.

"When you grow up will you go to church as mother does, or will you stay at home like father?" he heard Willie, his son of eight, inquire.

"I won't do either," replied his other son, Freddie, ten years old. "When I'm a man I'll have a team of horses, and on Sundays I'll drive them up and down the boulevard and enjoy myself."

Then the father's newspaper lost its interest. There came to his mind a picture of a future in which his boys associated with loose men and lived godless lives, while he in his old age looked on the results of his early self-indulgence helplessly. The arrow hit the mark—the father's heart.

Probably your fathers and mothers do not appreciate the full value of their arrows. When daughter meddled in the old trunk she was called "Meddlesome Mattie." The son, for his questions, was called an

“Interrogation Point.” They may not know that you are not children to be kept in cold storage, later to be thawed out into men and women; but that you are arrows, with a flash and a rush, real live “sons of the bow.”

ROSES OF CHARITY

"I am the rose of Sharon."—*Song of Solomon* ii., 1

THIS is "Children's Day," and is celebrated in nearly every Protestant church of our country. The second Sunday of June was selected because the roses are then most numerous and beautiful. We bring roses to the church, talk about our Christ as the rose of Sharon, who is as beautiful to our soul as the rose is to our eyes. After the service we take the roses and a message from Christ to those who are sick.

The rose is a great linguist. It can speak in every language in the world. It makes no difference where the rose is when it speaks—the people understand what it says and love it. How does it speak? It speaks by its beauty and its fragrance. If you should take a bunch of roses and go down to the pier where the immigrants come into the city from Ellis Island, and if you should give the first little immigrant girl that you met one of those roses, you would see her eyes light up and a smile come to her face. She would know what the rose said, and would realize that its message was one of love and good will from you.

Christ like a rose comes with a message of love and good will to all.

In the field of myth and fable we find pleasure in searching for the first rose-bush. We can almost catch the fragrance of the rose; but in the field of fable the bushes are never found. One of the beautiful stories is that Queen Elizabeth of Hungary loved the poor and went from home to home with food, medicine and sunshine. Her husband was cruel, and forbade his wife's doing any work of charity. He threatened to cut her head off if she disobeyed. Hearing of a very poor family with no food, and the children sick, she started out with food and medicine, and met her husband face to face on the street.

"What have you under your cloak?" he asked.

She was too frightened to speak, but whispered to God for help. Her husband, in anger, tore open her cloak and stood amazed. It was a bitter cold day, but there in the Queen's arms was a great sheaf of red and white roses, into which the food and medicine had been changed. She gave the King a rose, and at its touch he lost his anger and smiled. Each day she gave him one of the roses, and he became good-natured and friendly to the poor. From home to home the King and Queen went after that, and wher-

ever they left a rose it turned into food and medicine, according to the need.

Did I hear members of my junior congregation asking for a slip from this rose-bush? Let us turn from the field of fable to the garden of fact in our search for the bush. Solomon represented Christ as saying: "I am the rose of Sharon."

When Christ was upon earth He said: "I am the vine. Ye are the branches."

If, then, we are one with Christ as a branch is one with the vine, there will be roses not only on our cheeks, but they will drop from our hands in our every act of love and kindness. Christ is the bread of life, and we often need Him as our bread; but there is a hunger for beauty and fragrance that bread does not satisfy. As the rose of Sharon, He meets this need of your life and my life. Luther Burbank, of San Francisco, hunts until he finds a strong vine, upon which he grafts a branch of some favorite rose. There is a report that he has produced a flower that will never fade. He found a hardy annual, upon which he grafted a branch which bears fragrant blossoms that never lose their color. If you are one with Christ, and He is living in you, then your acts of kindness will be like fadeless roses.

The rose is a flower that blooms in every part of the world. China has the climbing white rose; Persia boasts of a hundred-leaved variety. From Egypt's sands the rose grows and blooms, and Iceland produces a vivid crimson rose, which the natives find as they scrape away the snow to gather moss for their reindeers. Christ, the vine, will live in any part of the world, and upon this vine we can graft the rose of China, Egypt, Iceland, and of every land, a variety of roses with a unity in the vine—the snow rose of Iceland and the American Beauty rose, roses of all varieties, but all one in the unity of the vine.

I have a story for you to take home in return for the roses which you brought to-day for the children's ward in the hospital.

A motherless child in a poor home was very sick. All winter she lay in the sick-room, and visitors seldom came to see her. The wind made a lonely sound in the limbs of the leafless trees. The child longed for a bird, and the first to come was an owl. After a long wait June came and opened the window, covered the trees with leaves and brought singing birds. One morning when the child awoke there was a visitor in the room—a green vine with a red rose. The vine, fastened to the wall, had, from the weight of the dew,

fallen through the open window onto the invalid's pillow. The child prest the cool red rose against her pale hot cheek, and smiled for the first time in weeks.

If you are a branch of the Christ vine, you will find the open window, and, as the rose of sympathy, love and helpfulness, you will shed forth beauty and fragrance wherever they are most needed. The dew of heaven will fall upon you, and the fragrance and beauty of your life will help to make earth like heaven.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN JUNE

FLAG DAY

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—*Ps. lx., 4*

WHY do armies carry flags? Would it not be wise to throw away the flags and arm the flag-bearers with rifles?

One meaning of the flag is "to flutter." The flag that flutters is held up for all to see, so that they will follow it to victory. When the army becomes separated it rallies to the flag. An insult to the flag is an insult to the country. The Stars and Stripes are your country condensed into something which may be seen, loved, honored and followed. Last Monday was Flag Day, the 132d anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as our national emblem.

Our flag is the oldest of the flags of the great nations. It was adopted on June 14, 1777. The Union Jack was adopted in 1801, the French flag in 1794, the Spanish in 1785 and the German and Italian flags within the existence of the present administrations in these countries. Congress decided that our flag should have thirteen stripes, alternately

red and white, and thirteen white stars on a blue field in the upper left-hand corner. When Kentucky and Vermont were admitted the stars and the stripes were increased by two, but it was seen that an indefinite increase of stripes would make the flag so big that a whole army would be required to carry it. So, in 1818, when the States numbered twenty, Congress placed the number of stripes again at thirteen and provided that the stars should be increased with the admission of the States.

Our flag stands for a great truth. We want our boys to study history, to learn of how our forefathers fought and gave their lives for the flag and to develop devotion to it. I want all of you boys to commit to memory this summer three songs—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

There was a little boy, five years old, who had heard much about the flag of his country from his grandfather who had been a soldier. His grandfather told him that if a person was wrapt in the folds of the flag no one would dare to fire upon him. One day a little baby brother came to his home, and his aunt told him that an angel had brought the new baby, and asked him if he wanted to see it.

"No," he replied, "I want to see the angel."

"Oh, you can't see the angel!" cried the aunt. "Angels go fluttering around, and, anyway, they are spirits and would make little boys afraid."

The child learned that he would have to give up his crib to his little brother, and he was sent into another room. It was the first time that he had slept away from his mother, and he was much afraid.

"The angels will take care of you," said his mother.

"I don't want the angels to take care of me. I'm afraid of them!" cried the boy.

After a while he asked, "Mama, can I have grandpa's flag?"

"What do you want of it?"

"If I have that at the head of my bed, I won't be afraid."

So they put it at the head of his bed, and he took one end of it and placed it against his cheek and went to sleep—safe with his country's flag.

There is only one flag that is permitted to rise above the Stars and Stripes, and that is the church flag of the navy. It is a triangular white flag with a blue cross. When I preached on the battleship *Texas* just before she left this port at the time of the Spanish-American War, one of the sailors pulled

a string and the church flag fluttered out from the masthead above the Stars and Stripes. We allow the church flag to wave above the Stars and Stripes because this is a Christian country.

The oldest flag of the world was presented to the army of God. Our text tells of the presentation in honor of a victory won. God gave the banner to those who feared Him, to be displayed in honor of the truth.

Children are arrows and on every arrow there should be a flag of truth. Truth spoken by the tongue—an arrow and a flag!

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN JUNE

UMBRELLA FAITH

"Hath the rain a father?"—*Job xxxviii.*, 28

JUNE is the youth month. Have you children done anything of real value during your month? You ask, Can we do anything that would be of real value? That is the question I want to answer. Children can do some great deeds that grown people fail to do. Here is a story that will give you the facts and fasten them in your memory.

Once upon a time, in the latter part of June, there was a great drought in a country-place. The farmers were terribly worried because the corn and potatoes were all burning up in the hot sun. For weeks there had been no rain. So one day one of the elders came to the minister and said: "Domine, I wish you would hold a special service in the church and pray for rain. We'll all come and pray, too." So the domine said he would do so, and gave out the notice in church that on Monday there would be this special service at eleven o'clock to pray for rain. So on Monday, tho the sun rose as hot as ever, all the farmers with their wives and children drove to

the little church on the hill, drest in their best clothes, just as if it were a Sunday-morning service. The minister had on his best silk hat, and the minister's wife wore her best dress. The domine prayed for rain, and the elders and the deacons prayed for rain, and almost everybody prayed for rain, because if their crops failed, they would not have anything to live on during the winter. After a while the wind began to rise, and the sun went under a cloud, and some one looked out of the door and saw that it had begun to rain. The rain came faster and faster, until it was a regular downpour. The men and women were grateful and offered prayers of thanksgiving.

Finally somebody said, "How shall we get home?" They all looked at one another and did not know what to do, for they all had their best clothes on, and no one of all who had made such fervent prayers had brought an umbrella or a waterproof. The minister looked at his silk hat, and his wife thought of her best dress and bonnet, and they all became much worried. Were they not peculiar Christians? They claimed to believe that God was the father of rain, and they met to ask Him to send rain. But they did not have faith enough to bring an umbrella.

While the minister was looking out at the rain and wondering what to do, a child came up to him and said, "Here, domine, take my umbrella. I brought it because I knew God would hear our prayers and send rain."

Whose prayer was answered? It seems to me that God heard the prayer of that little child, and that He probably did not answer the prayers of the grown-up people at all. They didn't really believe that He was going to answer their prayers, or else they would have brought umbrellas and waterproofs. Sam Jones said: "Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub turned up-side down."

God is not the father of rain only, but He is the father of all our blessings. Have faith in God and ask Him for any blessing you need. Do not forget the umbrella.

Prayer links you with God. Do not neglect prayer, as it is your chief power in conquering evil. Pray for great things and for little things, for God is interested in all things.

There is an old legend that God once sent His angel Gabriel to the earth on a double mission. It seems that King Solomon had purchased a great number of fine horses, and he was spending a large amount

of his time with them. God whispered in Gabriel's ear: "Tell Solomon not to forget the hour of prayer in looking after his horses."

What do you suppose the second order was? God gave this second command to Gabriel: "There is a little brown ant on Mount Ararat. It can't find any food; it's discouraged, and it don't know its way home. I want you to show that little brown ant its way home." God, you see, thinks of both great and small. He cares for all of us. In the words of Christ: "Not a sparrow falls without His notice. The very hairs of your head are numbered."

Pray to Him whenever you are in trouble. Pray to Him about your school difficulties. Pray not only about the most important things of life, but also about the humblest, and He will help you.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN JULY

FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION

"Ye are the light of the world."—*Matt. v., 14*

THE Fourth of July on Sunday! How can we celebrate it? You must do something worthy of the day. Fire-crackers on Sunday would not be right. How can we celebrate the glorious Fourth on Sunday? I have a plan; we will burn different-colored lights and make a big display—each boy and girl with a colored light burning to-night. I know how you can have red-, pink-, orange-, blue-, gray- and green-colored lights. We shall make our friends glad that the Fourth of July came on Sunday.

Last Fourth of July a member of our junior congregation fell on his thumb. The doctor, by the use of the X-ray, looked at the bone to see if it were injured. This X-ray is a wonderful discovery. There is a new ray, which is, I believe, even more wonderful. It is called the N-ray. Dr. Hooker, who makes a special study of these subjects, says that the N-rays are of several colors—red, pink, orange, blue, gray and green. You can not expect an X-ray ma-

chine for a Fourth-of-July celebration. They are too expensive. But each one of you can have an N-ray machine for the celebration. If Dr. Hooker is right about this subject, you are the N-ray machine. He says that the human body gives out rays. Then he tells us something that will keep you boys and girls thinking for a week. The different colors represent different dispositions and characters. If the person is angry, the rays have a deep red hue. This is the color used for danger signals. Just think of standing an angry boy beside a hole in the street or swinging him backward and forward in order to flag a train.

One whose key-note of life is to be good and to do good throws off pink rays. On Fourth of July night we shall know by the pink rays all who are celebrating as Christians. Some of our streets will be all lighted up with pink lights. An ambitious person emits orange rays. Just stand a boy in the dark in order to see if he is ambitious. A deep, hard thinker throws off a blue light. This light is in evidence about examination time; better use it more during the term. An anxious or deprest person gives off a gray light. This is the light that kills happiness. A bad person throws off muddy, brown rays; persons physically or

mentally ill, dark green rays. If this N-ray discovery is true, God knew of it when He told Matthew to write: "Ye are the light of the world." Which colored light will you burn to-night?

Dr. Hooker makes another statement that will interest you. He says that he has proved that N-rays are not only given off by the body, but that they are left on the object that the person touches. He says that a letter thirty years old had on it the color of the ray given off by the one who wrote it. Imagine your examination-papers revealing in thirty years from now what sort of a person you were! Had we not better get right with God as soon as possible? If you are right and live right and do right, then all the bright and hopeful rays will shine from you and everything you touch, like a rainbow of character.

There is a legend of the seventeenth century that will give you our closing thought. Saint Gudula was accustomed, just before daybreak, to visit a church about two miles from her father's castle to pray. One wild night the evil one blew out her light. She was on a desolate road and the darkness was so dense that she could not find her way. She knelt and prayed to God for help, and the light of her candle

was rekindled, to her great relief and joy. Paintings of this saint represent her as carrying a lantern. The Bible tells us that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." David said: "The Lord will light my candle." God and Satan are each asking to light your candle. Get a light from God and the light of your life will be like a rainbow of character—in every night a light, after every storm a rainbow.

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN JULY

THE CHILD OF A KING

"Servants born in my house."—*Eccl.* ii., 7

JULY is the month of Julius. Julius Cæsar was born in this month, and he named it July in memory of his birth. This will be a good month to study about the son of a king.

On my way to church I passed a house in which a child lives alone. He has ten servants to wait upon him, all born in his house. His father is a king, and he sent his son here to be educated as a prince. No one has seen the child, and all messages are sent from him and to him by means of the servants. Two of the servants show him all the things that he wants to see. Two other servants listen for him and repeat the message and music that he desires to hear. He has two servants who carry him wherever he wants to go. Two are busy doing his work. One is a specially bright servant, a real genius, who praises him when he does right and has authority from his father to scold him when he does wrong. As I passed the house the child told one of the servants to say "good-

morning," and another came out and shook hands with me.

The child of a king is a member of our junior congregation, and you are the child. Your Father in heaven sent you to this country to be educated as a prince or princess. Your body is the house, and you, who came into the house through the door of birth, and will some day go out of it through the door of death, have never been seen by human eyes. Your ten servants conceal you, reveal you and stand for you. Your body is the home that God wants you to occupy and beautify. A fable tells us of spirits from the other world coming here to find a body. One took the body of a king and did his work. After a while one came and said: "Why, all the fine bodies are taken. There is nothing left for me."

He was told that the best one was left for him—the body of a common man, doing a common work for all in need of his help. Train your ten servants to serve and honor you, as a prince or princess. You are the child of a king. Two servants, your eyes, are looking for things worthy of a king's child. "Mr Titbottom's spectacles" were supposed to enable the owner to see people in their real character. A

well-drest man was seen as a dollar. One man was seen as a ledger, and another as a pack of cards. A society woman was seen as a fashion-plate, and a housekeeper as a broomstick. One person was seen to be good and another bad. Children like or dislike people because the child of the king sees them as they are. Do not cloud these servants with sin. The two servants, your ears, must be carefully trained. Sometimes the ear becomes deaf to everything that is good, and hears only what is bad. With such servants no one can remain the child of the king. Your servants, your feet, are very useful, if well trained. Always send them on an errand when you pray.

In a home for destitute children there were twenty cases of diphtheria. One of the managers went to her room to pray for help. Another said, "A little foot-power will be needed." Then she set about doing something for the children. When you pray set your feet as servants to bring back an answer to your prayers. The hands are two of your most useful servants. The child of the king can use them to bless and beautify the world. A German legend says that when the full moon casts a silver bridge across the Rhine, the spirit of Charlemagne comes

forth, and, standing midway on the bridge, lifts its hands and pronounces a blessing on the homes and fields and rivers of the fatherland. Stretch forth your hands and bless your native land.

Probably the servant needing the most special care is the tongue. It is an unruly member. "Therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men." He is the one servant kept in a room by himself and guarded by two doors, the folding-doors of teeth and lips. The tenth servant is the brightest and most useful. He is in the throne-room, and is a servant so long as you obey, and becomes a master when you disobey. The servant who praises the child when he does right and blames him when he does wrong is conscience. When this servant falls asleep, you are no longer the child of the King.

The child that I passed this morning lives in a magic house. Every time he forgets others and gratifies himself, the house shrinks and selfishness brings the walls closer and closer until his life is in danger of being crusht out. Every time that he does some good deed for others, and acts as the child of the King, the house grows larger and grander. Some day it will become the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN JULY

A PARADOX

"When I am weak, then am I strong."—II. Cor. xii., 10

THIS is the king's month. To-day I want to tell you how a weak child or a deformed child can be a king or queen. Our text gives us the secret. When I am weak then am I strong. This truth is what your older brother or sister would call a paradox.

When I was a very small boy I learned to spell and know the meaning of the word "climax." It was the name of our stove, and mother told me what it meant and taught me how to spell it. Now, I want you to master this word paradox.

The meaning is hidden in a Greek word. Will you help me to open the word "paradox" and to find what is in it? It is made up of two words—the one the box, and the other the lid. The first word means "beyond," and the second word means "belief." Put them together and you have "beyond belief." A "paradox" is something beyond our belief, something hard to believe because it does not seem to be true.

The Greeks put their two words, meaning beyond belief, into one word—paradox. We now use their compound word and have a new word for our junior congregation.

The text says that we are strong when we are weak. This does not sound like truth, and at first, before we think hard, we say that it is “beyond belief.” It is a “paradox.” Let us think hard until we master the meaning.

Suppose that we are in a trolley-car on the Brooklyn Bridge at six o'clock in the evening. A number of strong men have taken the seats. Women are standing, swinging on the straps. You say that is not a paradox. When I am strong I am strong, and I get a seat. When I am weak I am weak, and I must stand. A woman comes into the car. On one arm she holds a child and in the other we see a crutch. The child is a cripple. Several men and one boy rise and offer the woman their seats. Was it not in her weakness and that of the child that she was strong enough to influence the men and the boy to offer her their seats? “When I am weak, then am I strong.”

A worker in a Manchester slum tells the story of a family completely changed and elevated by the

power of a deformed child. The father was a rough man, the lads were coarse and uncouth, and the mother, overworked and far from strong, had fallen into untidy habits. But there was born into that home a crippled child, and that deformed baby was the means of drawing out the sympathy and love and tenderness of the whole family. The man nursed and petted the child evenings, the boys made play-things for her and showed their affection in all sorts of pleasant ways, and the mother kept the window clean that the child pillowed on the table might look out on the court. The visitor declared that she witnessed a complete transformation in the family—an elevating and refining process went right through the household. The little, deformed child was a queen in that home.

One night, while I was a pastor in Philadelphia, I had an urgent sick-call. I found a house in the slums. The front room was dark and a rude voice told me to go up-stairs. In the room above a candle was burning, and I saw a rough man holding a bulldog. The dog looked at me as if he were strong and very hungry. My first thought was that I had been sent there to be robbed and probably murdered. Hearing a moan, I turned and saw on a bed a little, help-

less sick child. The pale, pinched face started a smile that broke into lines of sorrow. All fear left me. I knew that the dying child was stronger than the rough man and the ferocious dog. In the little hand was protection, for behind it was the hand of God. I knelt, shut my eyes and prayed. If you ever become an invalid or a cripple, you will have the strength of all whose hearts go out to you. Weakness will make you strong. When we are weak and tempted and ready to give up, then God's heart goes out to us. Paul learned that, being weak, he must look higher for strength. Paul's weakness and God's strength; put them together and you will have power, but not a paradox.

If at any time you feel weak, unable to play or work, just think of this text and say paradox. God can change your weakness into strength.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN JULY

GOLDEN RULE FOR GROWING KINGS AND QUEENS

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Matt. vii., 12*

JULIUS CAESAR gave his name to this month. If you live a kingly life, you can give your name to character, which is more enduring than the name of a month. Every boy can have a kingly character, and every girl can have a queenly character. The text is God's rule of conduct for a growing king or queen.

There are two rules which should guide you boys and girls in your conduct. The first is the rule of your duty to God, and the second is the rule of your duty to man. Our text falls under the second. It is known as the Golden Rule. In one sentence it sums up our duty to our fellows: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

You boys and girls might understand this rule better if it were presented to you in another way, such as: "Abuse the other boys as you would have

them abuse you ; or, say the mean things about the other girls which you would like to have them say about you."

As you would have others treat you, God says, so you should treat others. These thoughts suggest two facts: You must set a high standard for yourself, you must cultivate self-respect, for you are created in the image of God, and you must treat yourself in a first-class manner. You must be good to your body and to your spirit. Such treatment gives you a higher standard of conduct. The better you treat yourself the better you will treat others.

Now for a story. One day a fox met a stork and asked him to come home with him to dinner. The stork accepted the invitation. But when they reached the fox's home and dinner was served, the stork was not happy. The fox had for dinner fine hot soup, but he served it in shallow plates. The stork could not drink from them, and could only sit still and watch the fox enjoy himself. The fox thought this was a great joke.

A week later the fox and the stork met again, and this time the stork asked the fox home to dinner. The stork had for dinner fine hot soup, but had it served in a big narrow-necked bottle. The fox ob-

served that the tables had been turned on himself, but this time he could not see the joke.

"Friend Fox," said the stork, "enjoy your dinner. I hope that the soup is as well flavored as yours was when I attended dinner at your house last week."

So saying, he poured half the soup from the high-necked bottle into a bowl and gave it to the fox.

His act illustrates the Golden Rule as applied to conduct. The cunning fox was made ashamed by the generosity of the stork, and afterward improved his ways, but has never been able to look any one in the face since that day.

Here is another story telling us how a great man was kind to some boys. He remembered when he was a boy, and did for the boys just what he would have wanted a great man to have done for him when a boy in trouble. We shall let the man tell the story:

"I was one of a house-party at a millionaire's great new castle overlooking the Hudson," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still. Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice: 'Hello! What are you doing up there?'"

"To my amazement a thin young voice replied: 'I ain't doing no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big-bugs.'

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. I did not know the boy was up in that tree.

"If the millionaire knew the boy was there, he would have had him arrested for trespass.

"I was happy and did not want to see the boy punished. I decided to do unto him as I would have wanted any one to have done unto me, if in trouble. Then I asked:

" 'Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?'

" 'No, sir.'

" 'Well,' said I, 'so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you.'

" 'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they were quite right, too."

This man was a kingly fellow.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN AUGUST

CHRIST'S TENT-LIFE

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."—

John i., 14

AUGUST is the last of the summer months. It received its name from Augustus, who was the first Roman emperor. During this month several of the most fortunate events in the life of Augustus occurred. Three times he entered the city of Rome in triumph. The senate voted to name the month August in memory and in honor of their great emperor, Augustus. Horace, Vergil and other great men of that day were his friends. Of his city, Rome, it is written, "Augustus found the city built of bricks, and left it built of marble."

During the time Augustus lived in a magnificent palace in the marble city of Rome a little child was born in one of his villages and was cradled in a manger. That child became greater than Augustus, and he blest every city and country in the world. Augustus had one month called for him; but twelve months, the entire year, were named in memory and honor

of this child. Each year is called, *Anno Domini*—in the year of our Lord. Our Lord was born when Augustus ruled as emperor, and the little child in the manger became the Lord of lords and King of kings.

Christ came into the world as the friend and as the King of its people. He came clothed with our flesh and with our nature drawn around Him, so that He might come the closer to us, and that He might be in a position to give us all the blessings of heaven.

The New Testament tells us that Jesus dwelt in the world. Nowhere else is the Greek word translated “dwelt.” It means literally, “lived in a tent.” Christ had no permanent abode. Like those who live in tents, he moved constantly from place to place. He asked those whom He loved to come and make their home with Him.

You remember the story of the general of an army who carried with him a tent folded in a nutshell. When he came to the camping-place, he had the tent removed from the shell and pitched. The soldiers complained that he would have shelter, while they would have none. But the tent was stretched out, and first it gave shelter to the officers and then to

all the soldiers, so that none were left without protection.

Christ's tent was of that sort. No one realized it, for he appeared to be a poor man. At first all who came into His tent were the twelve disciples. Now, what a change has taken place! His tent covers millions of people, and nearly the whole world. What a happy Christ He must be now!

John tells us that "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Sons of God, kings or princes! Have we received our King who is greater and better than was Augustus?

There were two brothers who once lived in an Ohio town. One married; while the other, who remained a bachelor, went westward. The married brother finally died, and his children grew up and settled down in homes of their own. Some of these children were well-to-do; but one, a woman, was very poor.

In time, the uncle in the West returned to his old home. He was prosperous, but he dressed himself in plain clothes. When he arrived in the town, he went first to a well-to-do nephew and announced that he had come to pay him a visit of a few weeks. The nephew

frowned on the old man, and the uncle soon left him and went to the home of another well-to-do nephew. This nephew also failed to make his uncle welcome, so he started off again, and at last reached the home of the poor niece. She thought that he was poor like herself, and she sympathized with him in his apparent misfortune. She bade him make himself at home, and to stay with her as long as he wished.

The father of a member of this church was a banker in that town. I know that this story is true, because this member told it to me just as his father told it to him. One day, the niece came to the banker and said, with much emotion: "See what uncle has given me. What shall I do with it?"

The present was a check for fifteen thousand dollars—a great sum to her and to the other people in that town. When he gave her the check, the uncle said: "I still love my brother, altho he is dead, and I came to this town with the idea of distributing among his children fifteen thousand dollars. You are the only one of his children who was willing to receive me, and so I will give it all to you." If we receive Christ He will give us peace and happiness. These are gifts no money can buy. Christ found us in tents and has built for us mansions in heaven.

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN AUGUST

WRINKLES AS WITNESSES

"Thou hast filled me with wrinkles, which is a witness against me."—*Job* xvi., 8

JOB had boils on his mind as well as on his body, many trials to make him sad, so many trials to rob him of his patience. We find one very peculiar reason that made him complain: *his wrinkles*. He said they would witness against him. How very many people since the time of Job have complained because of wrinkles.

Do you know why February is a short month? In our last sermon we talked about Augustus, for whom our month of August was named. He was a great man; but was selfish, envious and jealous—three traits that are busy making wrinkles. Julius Cæsar had given his name to July. Now July had thirty-one days; while August, the month named in honor of Augustus, had but thirty days. This one day made the emperor envious and jealous. In order to please him, they took one day from February and added it to August.

You young people have beautiful faces, but if

you let selfishness, envy, jealousy and other sins get into your heart, wrinkles will write the result on your face. They will be a witness against you. The following story I found in one of our papers:

Once upon a time, as most fairy stories begin, there lived in a large city a little girl who was very much dissatisfied because she could not have her own way in every thing. And she was very selfish, too, giving no thought to the comfort of others until she was first attended to. One day she came to her mother and said: "Mama, I want a new cloak."

"But I can not afford to buy you a cloak," said the mother.

"Why not?" asked the little girl pettishly.

"Because I haven't the money to spare; besides, your brother needs a coat. Wear your old cloak for a little longer, my dear."

"Well, I won't, and so there!"

The little girl had no sooner uttered these words than she slammed the door and went up-stairs to her room. For a long time she lay on the bed crying with vexation. Finally, she arose and went to the closet where she kept her clothes, and took down the old cloak.

"Hateful old thing!" she exclaimed, flinging the

garment across the room, "I'll never wear you again." At that moment she caught sight of her own reflection in the looking-glass over her bureau, and she was so startled at beholding such a face that she did not recognize herself at all.

"Keep on, keep on," said a tiny voice. "You'll soon make yourself old and ugly and wrinkled."

The little girl was surprized but not frightened, for the voice did not sound harsh.

"Speak again, please," she begged, "and let me see you."

"Not until you smile," said the mysterious voice.

"I don't feel like smiling, for I am very much vexed," said the little girl. "Are you a fairy?"

"Yes."

"Oh, come quickly, and let me see you."

Then she smiled very sweetly, and the fairy showed herself—a tiny creature all drest in white, and she stood on a pincushion.

"Now, then, listen to me," went on the fairy. "Think of your mother and your brother, and not of yourself. Above all things, don't get angry again."

"Why not?" asked the little girl.

"Anger brings wrinkles and unhappiness. Shall I come again?"

"Yes, indeed. Come often. And, dear little fairy, forgive me for acting so, won't you?"

"I will. Good-by."

"Good-by," answered the little girl in a happy voice. She then began to sing very softly to herself.

When she went down-stairs again, she took the cloak, and said as she entered the room: "Mama, why, my cloak isn't so old as I thought. I'm not going to get angry again, because I don't want to be naughty and have wrinkles before I get old—truly old, you know."

And the little girl kept her promise and was very happy, because she thought more of others than she did of herself.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN AUGUST

IVORY PALACES

"The ivory palaces."—*Psalm*, xlv., 8

"**A**UGUSTUS found the city built of bricks, and left it built of marble." Our text tells us of God's ivory palaces. Listen to what is said of our King, who is so much greater than Augustus. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is the right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

Before Christ left His tent on earth to occupy a mansion in heaven He said: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Thomas saith unto him, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know

the way?" Jesus saith unto him, "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

If we follow Christ, who is the way, we will some day leave our tent and walk right into our mansion of ivory and gold.

Doctor Miller has written a story, which I have taken, with some changes, to illustrate how we are working with Christ in the building of our mansion.

In India they tell the story of the *Ivory Palace*. Sultan Ahmed was a great king. He sent Yakoob, the most skilful of his builders, with a large sum of money to erect in the *Mountains of Ivory* the most splendid palace ever seen. Yakoob went to the place and found a great famine prevailing among the people. Many were dying. Instead of building the palace, he took the money and gave it to buy bread for the starving people. At length Ahmed came to see his palace, and there was no palace there. He sent for Yakoob, and learned his story, then grew very angry, and cast the builder into chains. "Tomorrow thou shalt die," he said; "for thou hast robbed thy king." But that night Ahmed had a wonderful dream. There came to him one in shining garments, who said, "Follow me." Up they soared

from earth till they came to heaven's gate. They entered, and lo! there stood the Ivory Palace, more brilliant than the sun. "What palace is this?" asked Ahmed. His guide answered: "This is the palace of *Merciful Deeds*, built for thee by Yakoob the Wise. Its glory shall endure when all earth's things have passed away." Then the king understood that Yakoob had done most wisely with his money.

It is only legend, but its teaching is true. If we are doing true work, we need not concern ourselves about visible results. Tho in self-denying life we build no palaces on earth, we are building far nobler walls beyond the skies. The money we give in service and sacrifice of helpfulness may add nothing to our tent-life on earth, but it is laid up as treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Augustus built marble palaces on earth, Christ built Ivory Palaces in heaven. On earth we live for a short time, in heaven we are to live forever.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN AUGUST

THE OLD GARRET

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—*Matt. vi., 20*

THE Ivory Palace in heaven will be large enough for all the treasures we can send to it from earth. You ask: Can we send treasures to our mansion in heaven? Christ in His Sermon on the Mount said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

What Christ meant was something like this: Do not store away your best treasures in your tent. Moth and rust will corrupt them, and thieves will break in and steal all the moth and rust could not destroy. Store all your best treasures in heaven, where there are no moths nor thieves, and where there is no rust. Then He said: Your heart will stay with your treasures. Put your treasures where you want your heart to stay.

There is a legend concerning a man who died and went to the next world without a heart. An angel was sent back to find it. After a long search the angel found a strong box filled with the man's treasures. In this box the angel found the man's heart, with the life crushed out by the weight of gold. Where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

If we are living for our own pleasure and profit our treasures will be kept on earth; but if we live for Christ, He will put the treasures in our palace in heaven, where we can enjoy them forever.

When you boys and girls visit grandfather's, I want you to go up to the old garret and see what you will find there. You will find many garments moth-eaten that ought to have been given to the poor. In these old garrets there are enough of furniture, pictures, clocks, clothes and toys to furnish a home for some poor family. Some one had the "hoarding habit," and has kept things useless in the garret that would be treasures in some poor home. If these articles had been given in Christ's name to some of His children, they would be found as priceless treasures in the giver's Ivory Palace. After you have seen grandfather's garret, you might ask if his grandchild has had the "hoarding habit."

A young girl owned a fine ulster, which she had outgrown. She looked around to find a worthy poor child to whom she could give it. This ulster had beautiful buttons, which the girl at first decided to replace by less expensive ones, thinking a time might come when she could use them.

She haggled with her conscience before she came to a conclusion. "They will surely come in handy some day," said the hoarding habit; "take them off." While conscience said: "You are giving this to a young girl, who, tho poor, no doubt enjoys pretty buttons as much as you do. You have had them two years already. Why be selfish and deprive the other girl of what may be a keen pleasure?" Five years have since passed, and there has not been a time when she would have used the buttons had the hoarding habit conquered.

If you have a hat for some poor child do not take off the trimmings. Send the bright and pretty ribbons with the hat. Everything you selfishly keep on earth you will miss in heaven. Everything you can give that will be helpful to Christ's children on earth will be a treasure for your palace in heaven.

FOR FIFTH SUNDAY IN AUGUST

BUILD HIGHER

"Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"—*Job xxxix., 27*

THE eagle has been adopted as our national emblem. You will find the "spread eagle" on the arms of our United States and on some of our coins. The eagle is called the "national bird," "the bird of freedom" and "the American eagle."

God speaks to Job concerning the eagle's flight. She has a strong wing and flies higher than any other bird. We are told in this book of Job that God gives the eagle strength and directs her flight. God calls Job's attention to the strength of the eagle's nest. At God's command she makes her nest on high. God speaks to the eagle through what is called instinct. The eagle hears and obeys. On high, on the crag of the rock, she builds her nest for the protection of her young. Among the Killarney lakes there is a rock, 1,200 feet in height, known as the "Eagle's Nest." The eagle places her treasures beyond the reach of danger. If God cares

for the eagle and her young, how very anxious He must be to have parents build their homes high so as to keep the children from the dangers of the world. The home we are now living in is the house of hope. "I hope to be a rich man." "I hope to be a beautiful woman." God knows your hope and is whispering, "build higher, build higher." Christ is called the "Rock of Ages." He is the rock on which we should build our house of hope. Mount up at the command of God and build your home on high. Here is a story I want you to think about until it is in your mind to stay. Repeat it to father and mother, tell it to your friends. God wants us to live above the clouds of sin and sorrow. We can build on the mount of God's love, and from it look out upon the wonderful works of God. Listen to what some one has written about a view from the Alps: "I have read of a group of American tourists who stood on the top of one of Switzerland's highest peaks waiting to see the dawn. As they looked, presently, far away yonder there rose a gray-russet line rimming the horizon, then the flaming light threw itself up like the unfolding of a fan. Now the clouds grew lighter; soon the golden slanting flame began to be seen; presently the doors of the

east were flying wide open ; through the golden archway the sun came ; with his coming a tipping splendor fell upon every crag and peak, and the dark, thickening shadows rolled down the vale like the wonderful flowing of a dark, turbid, deadly wave. The sun arose and away went the darkness. Morning had come." God wants us to live higher where we can enjoy His works and His protection.

A young lady was dying with consumption. As she sat at the open window she saw a couple of little birds come and build their nest on a branch not high from the ground. Day by day she watched them, and observed first the nest, then the eggs, and then the nestlings. As she watched them day by day she used to shake her head and say: "Silly birds, why not build higher?" And then when the little nestlings came and began to show their heads above the nest, the burden of her exclamation was still: "Why not build higher?"

One morning when she took her accustomed seat at the window lattice she saw the nest all torn to pieces, and the ground covered with the feathers of the poor little nestlings, and marks of violence all around ; and then she said: "Ah! did I not tell you to build higher? Had you built higher you would

have been secure from harm, and this dire mishap would not have befallen you."

And you, my dear friends, when you come to cross the river of death, if ever you fail to get to the better land, when you look back it will be with the bitterest remorse that you will cry out: "Why did I not build higher? Why did I not lay up my treasure in heaven, instead of spending my time and my money on the riches which perisheth, and on pleasures which pass away in a moment?"

A Christian persuaded a wealthy lady, who was always grumbling, to go with her to visit a poor woman. As they entered the tenement, the wealthy woman drew her skirts around her and said: "What a horrid place!" The friend replied, "It is better higher up." As they went on to the second story the woman exclaimed at the dust, but received the same answer, "Better higher up." At last they reached the fifth story, and there in a little room, neat and sunny, with birds singing and flowers blooming, they found the poor woman. "How can you live in this tenement?" said the rich woman. The aged saint lifted her eyes to heaven and said, "It is better higher up." Her heart was in heaven.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER

A STONE IN THE ROAD

"Take ye away the stone."—*John xi.*, 39

CHRIST used these words of a stone at the door of a tomb. I want to speak of another kind of stone which should also be taken away. A stone in the middle of the road. You will see what I mean if you listen.

The Roman year began with March; September was the seventh month. They took the name from the Latin *Septem*, meaning seven. It was their seventh month, but is our ninth. Some of you boys and girls are wishing it were now the seventh month, as the seventh month is the beginning of vacation. The ninth month is the beginning of school work. September is probably the most difficult month of your school year. A difficult vacation after a delightful vacation. You say, "Why must we master all of these difficult lessons? Why can not our school life be made a little easier for us? I am sure I shall never need these miserable lessons when I grow up." The answer to your questions is, that every difficulty you meet and conquer

makes you stronger. The pathway of life has many difficulties, some of them in the very middle of the path. These are the stones in the middle of the road. School work is teaching you how to roll away the difficulties you will meet. Every lesson you fail to conquer will make the next one more difficult. A story will teach you the lesson and help you to understand September school work. Here is the story that I found the other day:

A long time ago there lived a king who took great delight in teaching his people good habits. "Bad luck comes only to the lazy and the careless," he would say; "but to the busy workers God gives the good things of this life."

He put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace one night, and set himself to watch to see what the people passing that way would do. Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer came along, with his heavy ox-cart loaded with corn. "Oh, these lazy people!" he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody has taken the trouble to remove it." He went on his way, scolding about the laziness of other people, but never thinking of touching the stone himself.

Next came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked along. A gay feather was stuck in his hat and a big sword hung at his side. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone, and, stumbling over it, he fell flat in the dust. He got to his feet and began to storm at the country people. "Silly drones!" he cried, "think of their having no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road." Then he passed on, but he did not sing any more.

Six merchants, with their goods on pack-horses, came down the road an hour later, bound for the fair which was to be held near the village. When they reached the stone, they found that the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall. "Did any one ever see the like?" they demanded. There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but is too lazy to move it."

So the stone lay there for three weeks. It was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to remove. Finally, the king sent word to all his people to meet together near his palace on a certain day, as he had something to tell them. When the day for the meeting came, a great crowd

of men and women gathered in the road. The old farmer was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier. "I hope the king will find out what a lazy set of people he has around him," remarked the farmer.

The sound of the horn was soon heard, and the king was to be seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, dismounted from his horse, and said: "My friends, I was the one who put this stone here more than three weeks ago. Every one of you has seen it, and yet every one has left it just where it was and has scolded his neighbor for not moving it out of his way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Beneath it was a small iron box in a hole scooped in the roadbed. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper which was attached to it. These were the words: "For him who lifts the stone." The king opened the box and turned it upside down. As he did so, a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins fell jingling to the ground.

The best things of this world and the best gifts of the next are to be found under the difficulties which we roll away. "Take ye away the stone."

BEES AND HONEY

"A swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion."

Judges xiv., 8

SAMSON was the strong man of his day. He was stronger than are the strong men of our day. Listen to one instance that will show you how very strong and courageous he was. He was passing a vineyard when a young lion roared against him. He did not run from the lion, but ran to meet him and slew him as he would have slain a young goat. Then he did something that was truly, wonderfully brave. You ask, what would be braver than killing a lion? He did not boast of having killed the lion. Only a very brave man could keep from boasting. Some weeks later, when again passing the vineyard, he turned aside to see the carcase of the lion he had slain. Can you guess what he found? To his surprise and delight, he found a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion.

You should try to find something of value in the lion story. Shall I tell you what I found? I found this truth: If we conquer the dangers and difficulties we meet, as Samson slew the lion, we shall find a bless-

ing in the slain difficulty. You boys and girls have difficulties, are you conquering them? Two stories from *Ram's Horn* will illustrate this truth.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you have fallen below this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half-full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the boy said: "Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you have been the past month filling it up with chip-dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this. He slew the difficulty and found the honey.

Uncertainty is a lion you should conquer. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering."

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod underfoot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."

“That’s nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson.’

“It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

“One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, ‘No.’

“I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again, ‘No!’ uttered in a tone of conviction barred my progress.

“‘The next!’ And I sat down in red confusion.

“He, too, was stopt with ‘No’; but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with ‘Very well.’

“‘Why,’ whimpered I, ‘I recited it just as he did, and you said, “No!”’

“‘Why didn’t you say, “Yes,” and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says, “No,” your business is to say, “Yes,” and prove it.’”

Slay the lion and you will find the honey of self-reliance.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER

WORDS ON WHEELS

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—*Prov. xxv., 11*

IN the month of May we celebrated Apple-blossom Sunday. The apple-trees were then covered with beautiful blossoms. What has become of those blossoms? If your eyes had been bright enough you would have seen the tree-tops turned into bowling-alleys. Tiny balls rolled out from the branches and knocked off the flowers. If you will now go out into the orchard, you will find the balls, and you can catch them as they drop. Your first guess is right. The little balls have grown into big apples, ready to drop into your hand or lap. Apple-blossoms were beautiful, but ripe apples are better.

Solomon said, A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. "A word fitly spoken" means "a word on wheels." An apple is a blossom on wheels rolling off the branch for you and me. The words of a little child are like apple-blossoms, sweet and fragrant, but when a child grows older the

blossom words develop into something of more value. They are wheels carrying a load of thought and blessing. When Lincoln was a little child his words were like apple-blossoms; when he became a wise man his words were fitly spoken, words on wheels. At Gettysburg his words were like chariot-wheels carrying his ripe rich thought to the world.

Under an apple-tree, September 22, 1776, there were fourteen words put on wheels and rolled down through 133 years to us. They were spoken by Nathan Hale, and were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." When he gave to the world these words he was standing under an apple-tree, and was in a few moments to be hanged as a martyr for liberty. There were no blossoms on the tree that day. The blossoms of May had been replaced by ripe September apples, framed in autumn leaves.

As a child, Nathan Hale spoke thousands and thousands of words that were blossoms of promise. In college he was known as "Brave Hale of Yale." He was developing a noble life; the blossoms were fruiting. After his graduation he became a school-master in New London. Then came the news of the war between England and America and the battles

at Lexington and Concord. A town-meeting was called, and Hale spoke, sending forth words on wheels:

"Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we have won our independence."

These were words on wheels and he followed them on foot. When Washington needed a brave man to go on a mission from New York to Long Island, Hale was chosen. He was captured by the enemy, and sentenced to death. Into the fourteen words that he spoke before his death he put all the nobility and bravery of his life.

The members of the junior congregation are like apple-blossoms clustered about the pulpit, with branches here and there in the pews. Some day we shall expect the blossoms of promise to become fruit of beauty and of value. Develop grand characters that you can put into words on wheels.

Apples of gold in pictures, or baskets, of silver. Your brain is the silver basket and from your heart you get the golden apples of thought. When you put clear pure thought into beautiful words, you have apples of gold in baskets of silver. Then when you roll the words off your tongue they are wisdom on wheels. Here is an apple-seed that has a story

in which you can wrap the sermon. Listen to the seed. It says:

“I have a large tree wrapt up in this tiny brown package. When unfolded, it will hang on its branches ten thousand fragrant blossoms. Birds will build their nests among its leaves and flowers. Cattle will rest in its shade. The tree will drop apples in your laps and fill your cups with cider.” I look into your faces and as I listen to your words what do I hear? “By and by I will be a blessing to many and a hindrance to no one. My promises are blossoms only, but some day they will become apples of gold in baskets of silver.”

Like the apple-seed, you are tiny men and women, whispering promises, like apple-blossoms, of what some day you will be—apples of gold in baskets of silver. Christ in you is my hope of your promises.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS

"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

—*I. Cor. xv., 33*

IN September some members of my junior congregation will go to school for the first time. I shall send this sermon to those who are in boarding-school. Let me speak to you about your new school friends. The companions you choose at school will have an influence upon your life equal to, if not greater than, the influence of your teachers and studies. "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

Listen while I whisper to you. Be careful not to corrupt the good manners of your companions. Your parents are very careful to have you select a good companion. They should be equally careful to give a good companion to your chum.

I give the remainder of this talk just as I found it in one of our papers:

"Only a few days ago an overseer in an English mill found a pin which cost the company more than a hundred pounds."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost more than a hundred pounds!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mama says it is a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed and dried, are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropt so as to lay upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the service.

"Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected it was found that there were holes in every piece through-

out the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to forty yards, and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about £150.

“Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at about half the price they would have brought had it not been for the hidden pin.

“Now, it seems to me when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

“That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, ‘one sinner destroyeth much good’; therefore, avoid evil companions.”

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN OCTOBER

THE GREAT FEAT OF GOOD FEET

"He maketh my feet like hinds' feet."—*Psalm* xviii., 33

OCTOBER is, I believe, the best month of the year. It has thirty-one choice days seasoned with the fresh life of spring, the fragrance of summer, the aroma of autumn and the spice of winter. It is the month for night sleep and day-dreams. October is our tenth month, but gets its name from a Latin word meaning eight. The reason for this is that it was the eighth month in the old calendar. October is the best month for long walks into the country, across the fields, and to the tops of the hills and mountains. Not one of us walks as often or as far as he should. The men and women of this age have fine heads and strong bodies, but weak feet. You will find their picture in *Daniel* ii., 31, 35. The telephone, trolley-car and automobile are injuring our feet. Athletics bring a great blessing to you boys and girls. Arithmetic is good for your head, and athletics are good for your feet, and they should meet near your heart. Educate your head,

exercise your feet. Then when you grow up you will be able to run an errand when the telephone is out of order, walk a few blocks when the trolley is blocked, and come home afoot when the auto breaks down.

When you are reading your Bible note how often it speaks of the feet. Our text says: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet."

This text raises a question: Do you want any change made in your feet? If any change is desired, would you select hinds' feet as a pattern? A hind is a deer, and a deer's foot is cloven. I see you are drawing in your feet, suggestive of your desire to keep them as they are. Did God really make David's feet like hinds' feet? Certainly not in shape, size and material—not in this literal sense, but in what is called the figurative sense. The deer is the emblem of sure-footed swiftness, of graceful and light-bounding movements. There is as much difference between the running of a bear and a deer as there is between a coal-cart and a high-grade automobile. I saw a wild deer this summer, and if I could run as gracefully and as swiftly as it did I would enter and win the Marathon races.

"He maketh my feet as hinds' feet." David used

this as a figure of speech to indicate that God had made him graceful, light-footed and swift in the performance of his duties.

Has God made your feet like hinds' feet? Did the same pair of feet take you to school on Friday as took you to play on Saturday? On Saturday they were like hinds' feet. Were they like hinds' feet on Friday? We need feet that will outrun the difference and distance between pleasure and duty. Every duty should be a pleasure and every pleasure should be a duty. This is the great feat of good feet.

As your pastor, I am interested in the kind of feet that bring you to church. If coming to your church is not a pleasure, but merely a duty, then you and I must get together and find out where the trouble is. If God has made your church feet like hinds' feet, then you are all happy.

How can God make your feet like hinds' feet? See if you can find the answer in the following story? Edward Dunbar wrote the hymn, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." There is a beautiful incident back of the hymn and shining through it. This is the story some one has written:

As a boy of twelve he worked out by the day to support his widowed mother, who relied entirely upon

his earnings. One night, when it was very dark and muddy, Dunbar had three miles to travel and a heavy bundle to carry, and he did not reach home till late. His mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when she heard his voice, and soon met him at the door with a warm kiss and warmer tears and a "God bless you, my dear boy!" As she received his bundle she exclaimed:

"After this, my son, I will set a light in a window for you."

True to her word, the bright light in the window appeared on following nights, and, as he once expressed it, "Oh, how it cheered my heart ever afterward for years!"

Health failing him, he left home, when his brothers were old enough to help their mother, and went to sea. When three years from home, while he was on the Pacific Ocean, his mother died. Just before she expired she said to those around her:

"Oh, give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him."

Every time that we are in sorrow and have a burden to bear, God sets the light of His love in some window for us. When we undertake a duty in His

name and look for the light of His love, our feet will be swift as hinds' feet. Edward Dunbar's feet were never heavy or slow when he turned the corner of the road and saw the light of mother's love in the window. There is a light for you. Have you seen it?

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN OCTOBER

THE MAGIC MIRROR

"Changed into the same image."—II. Cor. iii., 18

LAST Sunday you learned how God can change your feet. Would you like to be changed from head to feet? It can be done, and I am going to tell you how it is done. The change is very easy for those who are eager to make it.

How many members of our junior congregation would like to find an Aladdin's lamp? Aladdin, we are told, would rub the magic lamp, and then anything that he wished for was his. You would rub the magic lamp, I am sure, and your wishes, I suspect, would be as numerous as sparrows. Probably some members of the senior congregation would try to borrow your lamp. Aladdin's lamp is one thing you can neither borrow nor lend, for there never was any such lamp.

The magic mirror of which I am to tell you does exist, and you have one at home. I hope that you will not have any difficulty in finding it. This mirror is in a book that describes a very beautiful person,

the most delightful person of whom you have ever read. While looking into this glass or mirror, you are changed little by little, day by day, into the image of this noble and beautiful person. The change begins in your character and extends to your face. New purpose and new power will gradually come, and you will be able to do such things as this most wonderful person performed. By reading this book and looking into this mirror, an ordinary, every-day boy will be changed into a prince, and any girl can be transformed, made over again, into a princess.

An ordinary mirror is a helpful article in your room. It helps you to look better, and by looking better it is easier for you to be better. An investigating committee in Indiana has asked for fifty dollars to buy mirrors in order to inspire the girls in the State Industrial School to "fix themselves up."

I want each boy and girl to have this magic mirror in his or her room, and to look into it every morning before going out to work or play. To-day at dinner ask father or mother to give you the mirror-book. Aladdin discovered the power of the magic lamp by rubbing it. When you find the magic mirror-book to-day, rub it carefully and get all the dust off.

Dust well before using. You have guessed that the magic book is our Bible, and that the person into whose image we can be changed is our Christ. Listen to the text, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." We are gradually changed into the image of anything that we continue to look at and admire.

Here is a story, like a shopper's bag, in which to carry home your sermon: A beautiful statue once stood in the market-place of an Italian city. It was that of a Greek slave girl. It represented the slave as tidy, well drest and handsome. A ragged, unkempt, forlorn street child, coming across the statue in her play one day, stopt and gazed at it in admiration. She was entranced and captivated by it. She gazed long, and then, moved by a sudden inspiration, she went home and washed her face and combed her hair. Another day, she stopt again before the statue and received a new inspiration to improve herself. This time she washed her clothes and mended them. Each time that she looked at the statue she found something new in its beauties which she could apply in her own life. And at last she was a transformed child.

Now this is God's side of the work. You are to work with God. You have a very great work to do. Your work is to help in driving out the evil that is in you. God will not make you good if you do not want to be good. Here is a story I found the very day I was writing this page for you:

A little boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father:

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for

the two children. John's was a book and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly, "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopt crying but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good-night, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has a doll. I did kill the dragon."

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—*Psalm cxix.*, 105

IF you make a mistake in recitation your classmates will say you "stumbled."

When you fail in examination they say you "fell down." You stumble and fall down in your school work. Sometimes you stumble and fall down in your church work. God has promised not only to make your feet like hinds' feet, swift and strong, but He has given you a lamp to light your path. God is light, and into the Bible, as a lamp, He has hid light for you. I say *hid*, as the Bible is like a dark lantern, and those only who know how to open it can have its light.

A magician, knowing that Aladdin's lamp was in a certain town, decided to secure it. To this end he purchased a number of new lamps and went through the town from street to street, offering his bright, new-fashioned lamps for old lamps. Aladdin's princess was tempted by the bright new lamps, and exchanged the old, tarnished one for a new one. From this story we get the expression, "To exchange old lamps for new."

Our text tells us that our Bible is a lamp unto our feet. It is the old and wonderful lamp that always shows us the right path. Beware of those who offer to exchange new lamps for old ones. Tell your parents how Aladdin's princess traded his old but wonderful lamp for a new but useless one. Ask them to keep the old Bible to guide you into manhood and womanhood.

There are sixty-six books in the Bible, thirty-nine in the first part and twenty-seven in the second. A story has been told of a man who purchased for his children a box of blocks. When he brought them home he emptied them on to the floor and told the children to put them together so as to form a square. They all failed, one child thought there were too many blocks, another said one or more must be lost. Later on one of them noticed on one block the picture of a hand. In the child's mind the problem was solved. If a hand then an arm, if an arm there must be a body. Soon the blocks were all together, forming the picture of a man. Every block in its place and forming a square. The Bible has sixty-six books, differing in size and shape. Many have failed to put them together as one book. If you boys and girls will read the books and search for the man,

Jesus Christ, you will find that each book has its place and part. They are one, foursquare and true.

Some parents are led to think that their children's innocence is all the lamp they need. But the truth is that while children look very innocent, and their hearts seem to be clean, yet we find that there is sin in even such hearts. This is sad but true.

Last week I read of a man who tried to raise and acclimate nightingales in Scotland. When he brought these birds to Scotland from England they flew home again as soon as they were free. Then he tried another plan. He bought nightingales' eggs and placed them in robins' nests, thinking that the birds would be Scotch when hatched. When hatched the birds seemed satisfied with their surroundings until October, the time for their migration southward—when they left and never returned.

Children may be born in Christian homes and look and act just like Christians, but if they are not children of God, if they do not get the new life in their hearts, they will some day go back to the old sin.

The Bible tells you how to get this new life, the life that will lead you home to heaven. The Bible will also throw a light on your pathway to heaven. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN OCTOBER

THE WONDERFUL RING

“Being convicted by conscience.”—*John* viii., 9

A SILVER egg was once, as the story goes, presented to a prince. On opening the shell by a spring, he found within a yolk of gold. Another spring caused the yolk to open and disclose a beautiful bird. By pressing the wings of the bird, the breast opened and displayed a wonderful ring. The ring fitted the prince's finger excellently while he walked in the right path, but pinched his flesh sharply whenever he was in danger of doing wrong. This wonderful ring illustrates what your conscience does for you.

The story of the ring tells you, however, a part only of the meaning of conscience. Conscience tells you to do what you know to be right and not to do what you know to be wrong. It does not and can not tell you what is right and what is wrong. The Bible tells us about right and wrong. You must read your Bible, learn what it says is right and what it says is wrong. When you have the knowledge in your heart then conscience will whisper—“Do what

you believe is right, do not do what you believe is wrong." If you obey conscience you are happy, but if you disobey conscience you are unhappy. Two facts I want you boys and girls to clearly fix in your minds, are these: First—learn from the Bible what God says is right and what He says is wrong. Second—listen to the still small voice of conscience telling you to obey God.

An incident in the childhood of Theodore Parker will help you to understand what I am so anxious for you to remember. Here is the story:

One fine day in the spring, when Theodore was a little boy, his father took him to a field, where he was working, and later sent him home again. On the way back the boy had to pass a "pond-hole," wherein he saw, in full bloom, a beautiful rhodora. In trying to get at the flower he saw a pretty little spotted tortoise, sunning itself in the shallow water.

He lifted the stick he held in his hand and was about to strike the harmless creature, but all at once something checked the uplifted arm, and a voice within said, clear and strong, "It is wrong."

He held the uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, and the tortoise vanished from his sight.

Hastening home, he related the case to his mother,

and asked her what it was that told him it was wrong to strike the tortoise.

Wiping the tear from her eye with her apron, and taking the boy in her arms, the mother said to him:

"Some men call it the voice of God in the Soul of Man. If you will listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade away little by little and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life, my son, depends on heeding this little voice."

From *Harper's Magazine* I take a story that will show you the power and blessing of a good conscience:

"The widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about five years old. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high-minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

"The child was put to bed at six. We dined at seven. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining-room. The table was set, and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches.

"Presently there came to my ears the patter of little bare feet, and a childish figure, clad in a night-gown, stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish, and the little fellow turned and trotted away up-stairs again.

"As I sat in the dark, in an agony of apprehension, there came again the patter, patter of little feet, and a white clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining-room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice muttered, 'Done again, old Satan!' "

He was "convicted by conscience" and obeyed the Voice of God.

FOR FIFTH SUNDAY IN OCTOBER

HALLOWE'EN

"All the saints."—*Zech.* xiv., 5

THE evening of October 31st is known as Hal-lowe'en. As you boys and girls think of it as an evening for hilarity, you may be surprized when you hear its history.

The pagans erected on one of the hills of Rome a great and beautiful temple. The dome was the most magnificent in the world. These pagans, who did not know God, worshiped Mars, Venus, Jupiter and many of the heavenly bodies. They called their temple the Pantheon. The name was formed by putting two Greek words together—one word meaning "all" and the other "gods." Pan-theon, a place to worship all the gods. The temple was completed twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ.

After the Gospel of Christ was preached in Rome, the Pantheon became a Christian church. In the seventh century of this era, Pope Boniface IV re-dedicated the Pantheon and consecrated it to Mary, the mother of Christ, and to all the saints and mar-

tyrs. In this church originated "All Saints'," or "All Hallows'" day, when the Christians observed the feast of All Saints' day. The evening before was called "All Hallows' even," or the holy evening. November 1st was fixt as All Saints' day, and October 31st as the holy evening, our Hallowe'en.

How, you ask, did this hallowed evening become a time for fun and frolic? That is just the question I want to answer. It was the plan of the early Church to change the heathen customs into Christian customs, in order to make the converts feel more at home. The pagans who became Christians made themselves at home by carrying some of their heathen customs into the Christian worship.

The pagans were superstitious, and they did not get enough of Christian instruction to destroy their superstition. Hallowe'en has come to us with nearly all its religion choked out by these pagan superstitions.

All of the Hallowe'en customs can be traced to pagan superstitions. Cracking nuts and ducking for apples are remnants of the old heathen superstitions. I am sure you boys and girls did not know that Hallowe'en customs were once a part of pagan worship.

In the country, where there are no police, the boys take liberties on Hallowe'en that would not be tolerated at any other time. They steal anything left in the gardens, remove gates and hide them, build fences across the road, and, like the city boys, act like demons generally. Customs are easily traced. Pagans believed that on this holy evening all witches and devils were abroad, and the fairies held high carnival. They believed that all spirits, both of the visible and invisible worlds, walked the earth and celebrated on this mystic evening. How easy it was therefore when the garden was robbed, the gates unhinged, obstructions erected, to blame it all on the invisible demons.

I hope that my junior congregation will take as one of its missions the destruction of superstition. Get these heathen ideas out of your mind and out of your religion. You look surprized. Surely, you say, we do not have any of the old pagan superstitions in our twentieth-century religion. I think I can prove that you do have at least some of them. Take a few examples with which to begin. Tolling a bell as a funeral passes is one. The pagans believed that the sound of the bell frightened and drove away evil spirits. Bells on Christian churches to-day are tolled

as the funeral passes. When we "knock wood" to keep away evil we are worshipping a heathen god and disgracing our God, who has promised to take care of us. The "thirteen" and "Friday" superstitions, in fact, all of them, have a pagan idea that is opposed to our Christianity. These superstitious ideas weaken you, and often unfit you for doing brave acts. You are afraid to start on Friday, and by Saturday it is too late. The proof of the weakening power of superstition will be found in the following story:

"The Egyptians had a superstition concerning cats. They believed that cats were sacred animals. They, therefore, would not kill a cat, even if it would save the life of a child. Cambyses conquered the Egyptians when they were the foremost nation of the world. Do you ask, how? As they went into battle each company carried a crate of cats and threw them at the Egyptians. With the cats on the firing line, the soldiers of Egypt dared not fight lest they might kill the sacred cats. We are all somewhat superstitious."

SWEEP WITH THE WIND

"The wind shall carry them away."—*Isaiah xli.*, 16

NOVEMBER comes to us from a Latin word meaning nine. It is our eleventh month, but in the old Roman calendar it was the ninth. In our climate November is the month of bleak winds. Children are driven in from the playgrounds, and snow is blown into their faces from the cold clouds.

Is there any lesson you can learn from bleak November? We shall take a wind lesson that God gave to Isaiah. The people were discouraged and unhappy. The message from God was: "Fear not thou; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea I will keep thee with the right hand of my righteousness." God told them how He would help. He would give them power to beat their mountains of difficulties into chaff. He would then command the wind to help them to carry the chaff away and to scatter it. God taught them to make the wind their partner.

Read the names over the doors of our business houses. Notice how many men have two or more

partners. One man desires to do something that is too great for him to do alone; he asks one or more men to help him. As partners they add together their experience, their money, and their energy, and work as one man. God has given to each person the forces of nature as a partner. Edison chose one of nature's forces we call electricity as his partner, and he gets all the profits.

In Holland the Dutch entered into partnership with the wind. They erected great windmills, and their partner, the wind, did all the hard work.

To each one of you boys and girls the Lord says, as He said to Isaiah: "I will give you one of my great forces for a partner."

The boy who flies his kite has the wind for a partner. When Gladstone cut down a big tree he had gravity as a partner. When in partnership with natural forces you are working with God. Prayer is asking God for a partner. Your education is to teach you how to work with these forces. Water is one of God's great forces in nature. Learning to swim is learning to use water as a partner.

A college professor, while out rowing, asked his boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?"

"No; never heard of it," answered the boatman.

"Then one-quarter of your life is gone," declared the schoolman.

"Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life are gone."

The boatman, while trying to understand the professor's meaning, neglected his oars and the boat was upset. As the men struggled in the water the boatman cried out to the professor:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

The water would have carried him to the shore had he known how to use it as a partner. At school and at church we are trying to show you how to be workers together with the forces of nature. This, then, will be our November lesson. The wind is one of God's forces of nature that He offers to us as a partner. A story will help you to remember the lesson of November:

An Englishman, who came to the United States recently, was much impressed with our democratic

spirit. One day, while sitting chatting with an American in the window of his hotel, he exclaimed:

"What a wonderful country! You tell me that birth and family count for nothing?"

"Nothing at all," replied the American.

"And that man out there," continued the Englishman, pointing to a laborer who was sweeping the street, "I suppose, might even become Mayor of this city some day?"

The other glanced out of the window.

"No," he replied, tersely, "that man could not."

"He couldn't?" cried the visitor in surprise. "Why is he different from the others?"

"Keep your eye on him and see if you can't tell for yourself," said his companion, with a smile.

The Englishman gazed at him for a minute.

"I give it up," he exclaimed at length; "why is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," returned the American; "that man is sweeping against the wind."

If the man had swept in the other direction the wind would have done one-half or more of his work.

FOR SECOND SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER

CHRYSANTHEMUM SUNDAY

"Out of season."—II. *Timothy* iv., 2

GIVE it room and a weed will bloom in June. While thankful for the weed, we should specially love and remember a plant that can bloom in November. That plant is the chrysanthemum.

We are proud of Peary for his heroism in planting our flag so near the North Pole, and we are also proud of the flower that is brave and strong enough to carry the flag of beauty almost to the North Pole of the year—December.

In June we find flowers everywhere. Later, the flowers of the early months of the summer begin to fade. In October the aster and the goldenrod are the brave flowers that hold up their heads and say, "We are here." Then they die, and the chrysanthemum—the bravest of flowers—is left.

When the frost, nature's artist, is drawing pictures of the summer flowers on your windows, the chrysanthemum is blooming in your garden.

In South America there is a flower called the adversity flower, because it blooms only when adverse

winds blow. Another brave flower is the one that blooms at night. But the bravest plant is the one that blooms in November—our chrysanthemum.

There are young people, like flowers, who are in season and out of season. Some, like the flowers which bloom in June, are happy when skies are bright and friends are kind and all the world is going well with them. These may be called "in season" young people. They are happy when there is nothing to tempt them to be unhappy.

There are friends, like the flowers of June, who bloom everywhere when you are prosperous. When adversity and poverty come, they hide themselves from you. A few will stand by you, it makes no difference how much sorrow and adversity you have. They are the chrysanthemum friends who bloom, in the November of your lives, in beauty and sweetness.

The "out of season" young people who are happy during the midwinter examinations, when mother is nervous, when father is on the wrong side of the market, when every one else is frowning. I hope that some of my Juniors are like the chrysanthemum, happy out of season, when others are not happy, when school is not going right, when it rains and when it snows.

These beautiful chrysanthemums were once wild flowers, little better than weeds. Florists, flower-lovers, have trained them into blessings of beauty. A homely and almost worthless child can be trained into a blessing of beautiful character. Solomon says: "Train up a child in the way he should go."

There is a vast difference between the way a child should go and the way a child would go. For the latter no training is needed.

Here are two flowers. One, like Topsy, just grew. The other was trained in the way it should go. One is dwarfed and valueless; the other is developed and valuable. How they grew we do not know. The country children have a play song:

Oats, peas, beans and barley grow—
Oats, peas, beans and barley grow,
And you and I and nobody know
How oats, peas, beans and barley grow.

We do not know how the chrysanthemum grows, but we do know how to train it while it grows. Jean Paul Richter said that he tried to make as much of himself as it was possible to make out of the stuff. Richter's rule is a good one for the chrysanthemums and children.

Is this beautiful and valuable chrysanthemum the

best that can be developed from the wild plant? The florist answers that he expects something better next November.

Take two children—one from the street, the other from the head of the graduating class in school; one unwashed, wild and vicious, the other educated and able to use good language. Is the trained child as good as it is possible to make him? The teacher says that later we may expect something still better.

Has the boy the right stuff in him—real character and manliness? Socrates was ever searching for good stuff. He asked no pay from his pupils, but lived poor and barefooted all his days, caring only to make good men. Paul was a trainer of men. He said:

“Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.”

God wants to work Himself into your life, so that there may be something worth working out. Love Christ, the greatest teacher and trainer, and He will develop your life into its greatest possible beauty and usefulness. You are being trained, and your success will depend upon your training, upon the selection of the part that you are willing to work out. Make

the most out of yourself that "it is possible to make out of the stuff."

The following story from the *Youth's Companion* will give you the secret word of growth and beauty:

In the collection of chrysanthemums at the great flower show in Boston, one held undisputed kingship because of its strength and beautiful flowers. On the day when the judges were making the awards, a poorly clad little girl was standing close to this plant, whispering to it words of admiration and approval. As the judges approached she drew aside and was apparently much agitated.

"Whose plant is this?" the leader inquired.

Unable to restrain herself until they should find the number in the list, she cried out, "Oh, thank you for liking it; it is mine!"

"How could you raise such a chrysanthemum as this?" was the astonished reply.

She gave a look of tenderness to the flower and gently answered, "*It was a baby stem when I got it from my mama's coffin, and as I had nothing else to love I carried it about to keep it in the sunshine.*"

Love is the secret word.

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER

THANKSGIVING AND "THE GOLDEN TOUCH"

"It can not be gotten for gold."—*Job xxviii., 15*

THANKSGIVING on Thursday and money almost as scarce as turkey's teeth! For several weeks you have heard much about hard times. If you ask father for new clothes he tells you about the scarcity of money. Father's pocketbook, like his face, is wrinkled, and he looks sad. In many homes there will not be money enough to buy a turkey. Is it possible to have a Thanksgiving when the pocketbook and the kitchen-range are so nearly empty?

Possibly we can find in the home of the very poorest a blessing for Thanksgiving that money can not purchase. Our text tells us of something "that can not be gotten for gold." If you had all the gold in the world—gold in the mints and gold coined and uncoined—there is this one thing you could not buy.

Wisdom is what our text says can not be gotten for gold. If we have wisdom we shall find many things more valuable than gold for which to be

thankful. If, then, we can have something better than money, and something that can not be gotten for money, we can have a joyful Thanksgiving without money.

From the legend of "The Golden Touch" let us find a Thanksgiving story for father and other gold-hunters. Once upon a time there lived a rich man whose name was Midas. He was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world, except his little child who played merrily around his footstool. For this child he wanted to gather the greatest pile of yellow, glittering coin that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

When the child went to meet him with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions he would say:

"Pooh! pooh! child! If these flowers were as golden as they look they would be worth the plucking!"

One day, when Midas was counting his gold, a fairy came in through the keyhole and offered to grant any request that he should make. He asked:

"Since I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and of beholding the heap so diminutive after I have done my best, I wish that everything I touch would be turned to gold."

"To-morrow at sunrise," responded the fairy, "you will find yourself gifted with the golden touch."

Midas woke early and waited eagerly for the sunrise. When the first bright yellow sunbeam fell on the white covering of his bed the linen was changed, to his great delight, to a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold. The golden touch had come to him with the first sunbeam. Everything he touched changed to gold. Surrounded by gold, he went down-stairs to breakfast, and smiled as the staircase turned to gold. But the unexpected happened at breakfast. The dishes, as he had expected, turned to gold, but imagine his surprise when everything that he attempted to eat turned to gold also. He broke a fresh egg and saw it turn to gold. He took a slice of bread and tried to eat solid gold. He took a brook trout on his plate, but the moment he touched it there was a golden fish before him.

Midas sat back in his chair and was sad and hungry. His little child ran to him, and threw her arms around his neck. He bent and kissed his child. He felt that the child's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the golden touch. But, alas! what had he done? The moment that his lips touched the child's forehead she turned also to gold!

Her soft and tender form grew hard and inflexible within the father's encircling arms—his loved child no longer, but a beautiful yellow statue. Midas had wealth, but no Thanksgiving. The golden touch had blighted all his joys.

On Thanksgiving morning I want each member of my junior congregation to kiss father and mother and then ask, "Have you anything for which to be thankful to-day?" If we have anything better than money and something that can not be had for money, then we can have a joyful Thanksgiving without money.

Without wisdom we can not have a real Thanksgiving. Wisdom will tell us of many things for which to give thanks. Make a list of blessings and read them on Thanksgiving.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER

IMITATION

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."—*Eph. v., 1*

IN our first November sermon we talked of partnerships. We learned that nature's forces were helpful partners. If you are to be successful in life, you must have not only a partner, but you must have an example. We are all imitators. We are following the example of some one who has been successful. In the kindergarten department of our schools we are imitators. Kindergarten is a German word meaning "garden of children." The Germans made this "garden of children" beautiful and successful, and we are imitating them.

We are all imitators. You boys and girls are all imitators both by nature and by practise. You girls will put on long dresses like those your mothers wear, and will take up your dolls and fondle them as your mothers fondle their babies. You imitate your mothers when you play house. Of course the boys laugh at you. But you can laugh at the boys, for they are imitators. I have known boys to put on goggles

and coast down hill on little wagons, making believe they are riding in automobiles.

You should imitate. You girls should imitate your mothers and you boys should imitate the best and the most careful automobile drivers. The great difficulty in imitation is that we are liable to imitate the faults we see in things and persons. No person on earth is perfect. Somewhere I read the following story: One day Lord Beaconsfield was visiting the Gladstones, and he took a great fancy to William, Jr. Before leaving he asked the boy to come to his home and pay him a day's visit. Mr. Gladstone was very anxious that William should behave just right in the presence of the great man. In giving the boy his instructions, he said:

"Now, William, when you go to his lordship's home, if you are at a loss how to act, watch his lordship and do just as he does."

William remembered his instructions. In the course of the dinner Lord Beaconsfield turned his head and sneezed three times. Then William turned his head and sneezed three times.

Next, Lord Beaconsfield turned to a servant and said: "There's a beastly draft in this room; close the window."

William thereupon turned about and said: "There's a beastly draft in this room; close the window."

Lord Beaconsfield looked at him in amazement and exclaimed: "William, are you mocking me?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "but father told me before I left home that I must watch you and imitate everything you did."

Like many grown people, he imitated only the faults of a great man.

Our text says: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." The meaning is, "Dear children, be imitators of God." If you imitate God you will never make a mistake. God has no faults.

There is a long distance between you and God, but if you are going in the right direction, you will get nearer and nearer to Him. For every step that you take toward Him, he takes two or more steps toward you. You may be unlike Him at first, but you will grow to be like Him the more you imitate Him.

There is a long distance between a canary and an English sparrow. One day an Englishman took a young sparrow and put it in a cage near a canary. After a time he noticed that the sparrow's throat moved when the canary sang. Then the sparrow

began to try to sing, and its power grew until it ran up and down the scale and its voice grew sweet. That was imitation. If you remember the text and try to imitate God you will grow more and more like Him, and in time you will be called "Godlike." "Dear children, be imitators of God."

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN DECEMBER

TEN LETTERS—JESUS SAVES

"Ye are saved."—*Eph. ii., 5*

DECEMBER gets its name from a Latin word meaning ten. It was so named because it was then the tenth month of the year. It has since been changed to the twelfth month, but retains the name December, Ten. Our thought for this month is, therefore, "ten."

How can we use ten for a sermon? Can we use ten to help us to be better boys and girls? We can at least try to use it. Our subject is "Jesus saves"; just ten letters, five in each word. Our text is "Ye are saved"; again we have just ten letters. December is the month in which we celebrate the birth of Christ, our Savior. We shall, therefore, talk about "ten"; "Jesus saves," "Ye are saved."

Sin has stolen us away from God. Some people have gone so far from God that they are lost. A gentleman one day took his little boy out for a walk, but the boy from some cause or another got lost, and meeting a policeman, tearfully asked, "Please,

mister, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause, if you have, I'm that little boy."

God is our Father, and we can not be happy until we get back to Him. Each child can make this a prayer: "Please, mister, have you seen God without a little child? 'Cause if you have, I'm that little child." Your Father loves you, and is just as anxious for you to come back to Him as you are to get back to Him. If you look up to Him he will come down to meet you. A story about an eagle will help you to understand this truth and to remember it.

A nobleman in Scotland received a present of a fine eagle, but it sickened in confinement until it seemed as tho it would die. One day he went out to look at it, and was shocked at its drooping wings and film-covered eyes. He said to himself, "It is a pity this splendid bird should die here like that; I will give it its freedom." He took it out on the summit of a mountain and set it upon a rock, and went off and lay down in the heather, to watch what would happen. Presently he saw it lift its head, and open its eyes and look. The eagle's eye saw something in the upper air which the man could not see; but as he watched he soon saw a speck in the sky, which grew rapidly larger, until presently he saw that it

was another eagle coming down. Down, down it swept, with a scream of joy, and passed over the sick eagle, and fanned it with its mighty wings. Again it swung round, and the second time seemed to fairly lift it up upon its broad pinions, until the discouraged eagle, gathering strength from the contact with the messenger from the sky, spread its wings and soared away into the blue sky and out of sight. Sin has made you a prisoner. Christ came to earth to set you free. The Holy Spirit comes down from heaven to encourage and to help you.

December means the tenth month, but it is now the twelfth month. We think of twelve rather than ten when we say December. How can we use twelve? Twelve letters will answer the question. Why does God save us? The answer is, Saved to serve! Twelve letters and one lesson, Saved to serve! As God's child you can not be happy unless you are in His service helping some one to come back to Him. I do not know by whom the following story was written, but it is yours if it can help you to get this truth into your heart.

Once upon a time, we are told, there lived a king, who had a little boy whom he loved very dearly. He gave him a beautiful room to live in, and pictures

and toys and books with which to play. He gave him a pony to ride, and a rowboat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, but you must pay me a great price for telling you the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

POETIC JUSTICE

"Stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor."—*Prov.* xxi., 13

OUR ears have no doors. The eyes and the mouth can be closed, but the ears are made to remain open. Not only are the ears open, but they are placed where they can hear from any and all directions. One reason for this is, I think, that the cry of distress may be heard in the darkness, as well as in the light, and from any place whence the cry may come. There is an old tradition that the deaf adder is so named from its habit, when wishing to escape the charm of music, of placing one ear on the ground, while stopping the other with its tail.

When I was a boy I knew a man who was compelled to use an ear-trumpet because of his deafness. When any one tried to tell him anything which he did not want to hear, he would slyly put the end of the trumpet back of his ear and look wise. There is no door for the ear, and we should not invent one. Jesus saves us in order that we may be helpful to His loved ones on earth. He specially tells us to be kind to the poor.

"Whosoever stoppeth his ear at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." This is poetic justice. What is poetic justice? Poetic justice is justice that sounds like poetry or fiction, but is very, very real. If you stop your ear to the cry of the poor, there will come a time when you will cry and no one will listen to you. During the Christmas season all ears are open to the cry of the poor. But, after Christmas comes the time when some people—not all—will stop their ears and keep them closed for a year. It is very strange, but very true, that the blessings which God gives us are often used to stop our ears to the cry of God's poor. A story of the Magi, translated from the French, will help you to understand this ear-stopping.

The Magi were not familiar with the road to Bethlehem, and after they had wandered through a deep forest they came at nightfall to a village. They were tired, and their arms were nearly broken with the weight of the gifts which they bore to the Son of Mary. Many of the bright and happy homes refused to lodge them for the night.

Passing through, they came to the humble hut of a wood-cutter. Altho he had only one bed for him-

self and his children, and only the cheapest food to eat, he invited them in. The kings ate the poor food with relish. Then the wood-cutter gave up to them his only bed, and in it the strangers slept soundly.

Before setting out next day the Magi gave their host an Oriental flute of such magical properties that one had only to wish, while playing upon it, to receive his heart's desire. As soon as the Magi had gone, the wood-cutter began to play on the flute and to wish for a good breakfast. To his astonishment, it immediately appeared before him. But he did not stop there, but asked for everything that came into his head. He grew to be the richest man in the country, and then he began to stop his ears to the cry of the poor. He told his servants never to permit beggars or troublesome people to approach him on any pretext.

When the Magi returned from Bethlehem they expected to spend a night with the wood-cutter, but in place of his hut, they found a palace, and from it came the sounds of music and dancing. Disguising themselves as beggars, they sought admission, and caused so much commotion when ordered away that the former wood-cutter was attracted outside to see what was happening. He did not recognize the

kings. When he learned that they would not go away, he ordered that the dogs be set upon them.

That night, as his noble and wealthy guests departed, the host began to play his flute and to wish for each a gift of gold. But the flute had lost its powers, and before his eyes the mansion and all his possessions began to dissolve. In a few moments he found himself back again in his hut, with his wife and children clothed in rags about him. All night he continued to blow the flute, but no answer, no blessings came to him.

He had stopt his ears to the cry of the poor.

"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN DECEMBER

FINDING THE CHRIST CHILD

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."—*Luke ii., 12*

YOU have almost a full week before Christmas. What is the very best thing we can do while waiting for Christmas to come? I suggest that we spend the week trying to find the Christ child. I can almost hear you say, "Christ is in heaven, He grew to be a man, and after living and dying for us went to heaven." How can we find the Christ child on earth? As a little child, His name was Jesus, and I am sure you can find Him not far from your home.

Jesus, the babe of Bethlehem, never left this world. Wise men are constantly searching for the little child. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." This means that when you find a child with clothing and bed indicating poverty, and in need of your help, it may be the Christ child. The moment you, in Christ's name, begin ministering to such a baby, it is the Christ child. You find the babe of Bethlehem when you find a child any-

where in need of your help. Listen to the proof. The Bible tells us of some good people who went to heaven, and Christ said to them, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me." How surprized they were! Surely they had never seen Him on earth, and how could they have ministered unto Him. Christ told them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Tolstoi tells of two men starting on a long journey to find Christ. One of them stopt to help a starving family. He bought food, split wood, started the great oven fire, nursed and fed the sick, paid the family's debts and bought back the cow, horse and scythe with which the members of the family earned their living. Then his money was all gone, and it was too late for him to overtake his comrade, so he returned home.

His friend would not stop to help any one. He reached Jerusalem, visited the sacred places, obtained earth from Calvary and water from the Jordan, and tried to reach the Holy Sepulcher, but he could not

get near to it because of the crowd. Tired and disappointed, he returned home to learn that his companion had found Christ while helping the sick and needy.

The poor we have always with us, and therefore need not make a long journey to find the Christ child.

Christ had a beautiful home before He came to the earth, and your bright, sweet homes make Him homesick. If your home is like heaven, take in the Christ child and it will be heaven. Listen to a story translated from the German: The home was bright and warm. The father had asked for a blessing on the food, and all were happy, because it was Christmas eve. Outside the night was dark and cold. Suddenly there was a knock at the door and a child's voice called: "Oh, please let me come into your home! I have nothing to eat, and have no place to sleep. I am nearly frozen. Oh, please let me come into your home!"

The children, Mary and Valentine, ran and opened the door and welcomed the little stranger. A place was made at the table for the guest, and, after an evening passed in the anticipation of Christmas joys, he was placed in a cozy room where the Christmas tree stood by the big fireplace.

After the children had been asleep for some hours, little Mary was awakened by the sound of sweet music. She called her brother very softly: "Valentine! Valentine! Wake up, and listen to the sweet music outside of the window!"

Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. He heard the strangest and most beautiful singing. Surely, thought both the wondering children, only angels could sing like that!

After listening to the music for a little while, they jumped up and ran to the window with both joy and fear in their hearts. In the east they saw the glorious dawn approaching, and before the house floated many angel children in silvery dresses, with harps and lutes in their hands. Astonished, Valentine and Mary stood staring out of the window. Then, hearing a step behind them, they suddenly turned round and beheld the stranger child standing clad in a robe of shimmering gold and wearing a glittering crown upon his head. With a sweet smile he said to them: "I am the Christ child. You took me in last night when you thought I was without home and food, and now I give you my blessing." Then he broke a branch off their Christmas tree, and planted it, and said: "This branch will grow to be a large tree,

and each year will bear fruit for you." With this the child and the angel chorus disappeared.

The branch grew into a tree, and each year bore golden apples, silver nuts and other strange Christmas fruits. It was the tree of life the Christ child has planted in the new Garden of Eden.

FOR FOURTH SUNDAY IN DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS BELLS

"Bells of gold."—*Ex.* xxviii., 33

ON the hem of the high priest's robe were "bells of gold." When he went in before the Ark to pray for the people, they heard the bells and were happy. They knew he was alive and praying for them. Christ is our High Priest and He is praying for us. If we love Christ and obey Him, our hearts hear the "bells of gold," and we know He is praying for us.

The story I have for you, I found in "Why the Chimes Rang." If you ever meet Raymond M. Alden, thank him for it.

There was once, in a far-away country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church with a gray stone tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. In the tower was a chime of Christmas bells.

On Christmas eve all the people of the city brought

to the church their offerings to the Christ child, and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there would come sounding through the music of the choir the voices of the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

A number of miles from the city, in a little country village, lived a boy named Pedro and his little brother.

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, but the two boys started on their way to the Christmas celebration; and, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it. It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired and cold to get in where she might have found shelter. Pedro, finding that he could not rouse her, said, "It's no use, little brother; you will have to go alone to the church."

"Alone?" cried little brother, "and you will not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro; and he could not help a little choking sound of disappointment in his throat. "See this poor woman; her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. I am sure the Christ child must know how I would love to come and worship him; and oh! if you get a chance, little brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking."

The great church was truly a wonderful place that night. After the service, the people took their gifts to the altar for the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle; a great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years; and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There was a great murmur through the church as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with diamonds and other precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar as his offering to

the holy Child. "Surely," they said, "we shall hear the bells now." But the chimes did not ring.

The procession was over, the gifts were all on the altar, and the choir had begun the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopt playing, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing in his place and holding up his hand for silence. As the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the bells in the tower! So far away and yet so clear seemed the music, so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment very still. Then they all stood up together and stared at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Pedro's brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

There comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half-forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And men may hasten and harken to the wonderful music that
sings.

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pains
and strife;

Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thought of wicked
things,

He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of heaven rings.

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